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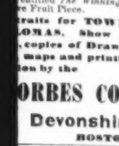
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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN. THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

PLANTING INDIAN CORN.

Every year the number of farmers in New England who believe the corn crop to be not only a sure but a profitable crop to grow, is increased. Farmers who keep milch cows no longer doubt that it is for their interest to grow corn, not only for the grain, but also for the fodder. Many careful experiments have been tried to test the value of corn fodder for milch cows. Every experiment that has been fairly tried, so far as we know, has resulted in proving it to be a good food for producing sweet milk and good butter. Experiments have also convinced many that it is worth two-thirds as much per ton as good English hay, and some express the opinion that it is worth as much per ton as an averaged quality of English hay. Nearly all agree that the value of an acre of corn fodder is equal to the cost of ploughing the land, planting, cultivating and harvesting the crop, thus leaving the grain to pay for the manure. Careful experiments have led to the belief that sixty bushels of corn will take from the land but four cords of good stable manure. If this be true, the cost of corn, where manure is worth six dollars per cord, will be forty cents per bushel. We may make a liberal allowance for contingencies, and yet get our corn for less than one-half of the price it is now selling for. The amount, however, to be grown at such price must be limited to the amount of fodder that is wanted to consume on the farm; for in new portions of New England is there a ready sale for corn fodder at its full value. Those who understand its value usually grow all they want. This leaves the buyers of that class who do not realize its value, and therefore will not pay a fair price. In consequence of this the farmer must limit his corn growing to the number of cattle he keeps.

Two acres of land will furnish as much fodder as can be profitably consumed by three cows. The farmer who keeps stock equal to twenty-four cows may plant sixteen acres of corn. From this he should get at least eight hundred bushels of corn. This will give a daily ration to each cow of nearly three quarts of meal during the entire year. It would also give, for six months, a daily ration of about ten pounds of fodder. By giving, in addition to this, a small feed of good hay, milch cows can be kept in excellent condition at a very moderate cost.

At the present price of corn there is a very large margin for profit, more than a hundred per cent., providing the farmer has the right kind of land. The character of the soil should always be considered, and the amount of land devoted to corn increased or diminished according to the good or bad condition of the soil.

Land that is hard to plough, full of rocks and stones, is far more expensive to work than land that is entirely free from stones; so, too, is land that is heavy and full of clay much more expensive to work than light, loamy land. Yet land that is light and free from stones is warmer, and will produce more grain per acre than heavy cold land, and the expense of ploughing, planting and cultivation will not be more than half as much. Corn planting, as a rule, should be confined to warm, sandy soil, when it can be found on the farm, except occasionally when it is desirable to break up a heavy moist piece of land, when the extra cost of cultivation should be charged to improvement of the land.

With our improved ploughs, harrows, planters and cultivators, corn growing has been made much easier than in the days of our fathers, when the work, except ploughing, was done principally by hand implements. At the present time the heaviest bill for hand work is husking. Have we not the man who has inventive genius sufficient to construct a machine that will gather the ears of corn and husk them by driving through the corn fields? The inventor of such a machine, will not only confer a great blessing on mankind, but will also reap a reward of a startling magnitude.

In growing corn there are several things necessary to be observed, if the crop is to be grown to the best advantage. First, the land should not be ploughed too deep. Repeated experiments have proved that to plough five or six inches deep is better for a crop of corn, than to plough deeper. Second, the manure should be thoroughly mixed with the soil before planting; no time is better spent, in corn growing, than in thoroughly pulverizing the soil before the seed is planted. Third, efforts should be made to obtain the seed of some variety that not only matures early, but also yields a good crop. There is more than ten bushels to the acre difference in the yield of different varieties. Fourth, it should not be planted too early in the season; there are many reasons why the third week in May is better than the first week. The corn comes up at once and grows with vigor; by ploughing the land a few days before planting; if planted late, a crop of young grass can be turned under, if the land be grass land; by late planting the weeds and grass do not trouble so much, and the land lays up lighter than if ploughed early before the heavy spring rains commence; this alone is worth considering, because it not only makes the land easier to cultivate but also lets in the light, heat and air, all of which are necessary to ensure rapid plant growth. Fifth, the corn should be planted in hills, with straight rows both ways, so that the plough and cultivator may be run both ways, thus avoiding hand labor almost entirely in the cultivation of the growing crop. Sixth, in the cultivation of the crop, hilling should be avoided, and the land should be kept as level as possible; this method, when understood, is easier and secures a larger crop. Seventh, as the fodder is a valuable portion of the crop, particular pains should be taken to harvest it in a manner to secure it in the best order. Cutting it up and stooking it as soon as the corn is hard is undoubtedly the best way to cure the fodder; but when this is done care should be taken to stook it up so that no ordinary wind will blow it down. Eighth, the corn should be harvested as soon as the fodder is dry enough to pack away in the barn, without danger of moulding.

THE BATTLE WITH THE BUGS AND WORMS.

The careful farmer has already commenced the fight with insect life, with the full knowledge that it must be kept up until harvest time, if he would reap a full crop of either fruit or vegetables. Almost every year brings to light some new enemy; but man tires not; he exerts himself to find some remedy for each successive new destructive enemy; and just as he begins to congratulate himself on being able to fully protect some favorite fruit or choice vegetable from all of its enemies, some new enemy more difficult to destroy appears. Thus far the race between the appearance of new destructive insects and man's advancing intelligence is kept about equal. By constant efforts and eternal vigilance man is thus far able to protect the fruits and vegetables of the earth to a degree necessary to furnish him with an abundance of food. But should he for a few seasons cease his efforts to check the ravages of the multitude of insects, he would soon come short of many luxuries, if indeed he did not have to submit to short rations of the substantial things of life.

One of the latest new comers on the Atlantic coast of destructive insects, that lives on human food is a large white or grayish worm, that eats its way into the ears of corn just before it hardens. This promises to be not only a very destructive enemy, but one very difficult to destroy. Should it spread over the vast cornfields of the West, it would destroy hundreds of millions of bushels of corn; already it has made a beginning that looks serious indeed; it spreads rapidly, and is now found scattered from the prairies of the West to the Atlantic coast. Every farmer should be careful to plant corn grown in sections where this enemy is not found, so if the eggs are in any way attached to the corn, they may avoid introducing so undesirable an enemy; but we are inclined to the opinion that the eggs are not laid until summer, and the danger is in transporting the grub. Until we know more of the habits of this enemy every precaution should be taken to avoid it; its habits should be carefully studied the coming season, that we may be better able to find a remedy.

Among the creeping enemies of the garden there are few more destructive or more difficult to manage than the gray cut-worm, who seems to take pride in cutting down a whole row of beans or a dozen hills of cucumbers. This enemy must be dug out very early in the morning and destroyed; as he works only in the night he is very near the surface at sunrise.

Among the bugs that fill the air the rose bug tries our patience about as much as any; while he is not particular what he eats, he is sure to get our most beautiful roses, and also our choicest bunches of grapes as soon, or even before, the bloom is off; if we have some new choice variety of apples he is sure to try the flavor of them as soon as they are as large as bullets, and though they may be as hard as lead and as bitter as a button pear, he eats away upon them with the same apparent relish he does on a choice rose. Hand picking early in the morning is the surest remedy for this enemy.

The farmer who is determined to succeed must steel his heart against insect life, and fight them with every weapon his ingenuity can devise; but after doing his best he will have to lose a portion of his profits by the creeping things of the earth.

PLANTING SEEDS TOO DEEP.

Many small seeds fail to germinate, because they are planted too deep. Even experienced farmers very often make the mistake of covering seeds so deep that the plants fail to make a vigorous growth while small, while large numbers, who give no particular attention to the cultivation of the soil, except to plant a small garden, plant most of their small seeds so deep that but a very small portion, if any, germinate. This they do year after year, without suspecting the cause of the failure, but attribute it to bad seed. If by chance it is proved to them the seed was good, then they fall back on the weather, from which there is no appeal, it being easy for them to prove that they planted a few days before a heavy rain, or a very dry period, so the seed is supposed to have rotted or dried up, while their successful neighbors are supposed to have planted at just the right time to have all of the seed germinate. We are satisfied that if all of the facts could be known, that ten small seeds fail to germinate because of being planted too deep, to one that fails to grow because of poor quality.

When the weather is just right a seed will find its way to the surface from a much greater depth than when it is cold and wet, so that in a favorable season, there is not so much complaint of bad seed as in an unfavorable season. The gardener who plants his small seeds very near the surface, rarely ever fails to have them germinate, whatever may be the state of the weather.

We ought never to lose sight of the fact that nature, when left to herself, plants very near the surface. From this it would seem that the nearer a seed is to the surface, and obtain moisture enough to cause it to grow, the more natural is the condition. This as a rule will secure a more healthy, if not a more vigorous growth. A plant that has to struggle through several inches of earth before it finds its way to the surface, begins life in the open air in a very exhausted condition, from which it frequently takes many days to recover.

One who has never tried the experiment will be surprised to see the difference between plants from small seeds, that are planted just deep enough to get sufficient moisture to germinate, and those that are planted so deep that they have just power enough to reach the surface.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES.

(*Helianthus Tuberous.*)

While the general cultivation of this plant, for the tubers, may not be desirable in some localities, and under some circumstances, it would prove a valuable addition to the crops that are now grown as food for hogs.

The plant is very hardy, and produces fair crops on ordinary soils, and large crops on rich soils. Once planted, it will propagate itself. It is more nutritious than the potato, being very rich in sugar, is readily eaten by sheep, cattle and hogs. It grows best on a rich loam, where it yields a large crop, even if the land is partially shaded by trees. In fact, it seems to grow better in an orchard, where the soil is kept loose by shade, than in the open field, producing crops year after year without any labor except the first planting. When grown for hogs, to save the labor of digging, the hogs should be turned into the field to help themselves, which they readily do, but there will always be enough left to seed the land another year. Store hogs can thus be kept in a growing condition at a very trifling expense, until the ground freezes; but the attempt should not be made to keep them entirely on the artichokes; it is good policy to give them some corn every day. By planting in an orchard, and giving the hogs the chance to gather the crop, the orchard is very much improved, as well as the hogs.

This tuber also furnishes food for man, but cooked it is not equal to the potato, very few being fond of it. If pickled in cider vinegar, it makes a pickle that many are very fond of. When grown for pickles, it should be planted in the garden, like potatoes, only it may be more heavily seeded. Planted in drills, the pieces should be from six to eight inches apart and the drills thirty inches apart. The plants should be kept well hoed, that the tubers may grow quick and large. Those for winter use should be dug in the autumn, but those for spring use should be left in the ground over winter. When dug in the spring they should be at once put in the vinegar.

The one great drawback on the growing of the artichoke is the difficulty of eradicating it when once in the ground. Careless cultivation will do it, but thorough cultivation for a single season will destroy it.

THE GRADE BUTTER COW "READY."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

My cow "Ready" calved the 12th ult., and since, has averaged twenty-one quarts daily, each eight quarts being equal to one pound of butter; making a weekly record of eighteen pounds six ounces of unsalted butter. I expect soon to be able to show a better record as I am now feeding the last of my hay, which is somewhat musty. I also feed three quarts of meal and five quarts of shorts at two feeds, (morning and evening,) mixed with warm water.

In summer I feed one-half the above quantity of grain, and some corn fodder when the feed is short. I have fed my cows in this way the past two years, with uniform success. I never have *"stuffed"* my cows to repletion, and I never intend to; I am satisfied with having a cow do well with reasonable feeding.

"Ready" is seven years old, four feet two inches high, and girts five feet nine inches. She is a noble looking cow, bright red, with white belly, feet and star, short crooked horns, and appears to be a grade Durham or grade Jersey, perhaps both. She was raised by Mr. Frothingham of Burlington, a farmer of some note and a breeder of fancy stock.

Yours Respectfully,
M. FESSENDEN.

Woburn, Mass., May 3rd, 1882.

LUNG FEVER IN HORSES.

[Western Rural.]

Provide a cool and well ventilated place, without draft. Blanket lightly, without surcingle; apply friction and bandaging to the legs. Give frequent warm water injections. Give every two hours until six doses have been given, each time ten drops of tincture of aconite root. Thirst should be satisfied by frequently offering fresh cold water, in which a teaspoonful of nitre has been dissolved. Apply mustard poultice to the sides of the chest and underneath—that is, clear around the chest. After the aconite, give every three hours an ounce each of sweet spirits of nitre and aromatic spirits of ammonia in half a pint of cold water, carefully from a bottle. When recovery becomes evident, support the strength by giving thrice daily, mixed among the food, a powder composed of half a drachm of carbonate of iron and two drachms of Gentian root. Give steamed or easily digested and nutritive food, sliced carrots, cabbage, etc., and in summer freshly cut grass instead of hay.

TO ESTIMATE AMOUNT OF LAND IN DIFFERENT FIELDS.

To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given:

Five yards wide by 963 long contains one acre.

Ten yards wide by 484 long contains one acre.

Twenty yards wide by 242 long contain one acre.

Seventy yards wide by 69 1-2 long contains one acre.

Eighty yards wide by 60 1-2 long contains one acre.

Sixty feet wide by 726 long contain one acre.

One hundred and ten feet wide by 397 long contains one acre.

One hundred and thirty feet wide by 363 long contains one acre.

Four hundred and forty feet wide by 99 long contains one acre.—*Mirror and Farmer*

☞ Tell your neighbors the advantage of belonging to the Grange and then do your best to make it all they expect. While they should take the lead in the work, it is too much to expect of the Master and Lecturer to go out into the field unsupported, and gather in the harvest which is everywhere waiting the Patron's sickle. We who are enlisted under the banner of the Order all have something to do.

Horticulture.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

DELICIOUS GRAPES.

Description of New Varieties.

BY B. H. HAINES.

An unusually large number of desirable new grapes have recently made their appearance. We previously had so many excellent varieties that it appeared as if they could not well be surpassed, and that even if new sorts should be produced they could not differ very much from those on hand. However, some of these new grapes show us plainly that there are vacancies which we perhaps had not imagined to exist before, and that they will fill up spaces that will add greatly to the enjoyment of the lovers of this fruit. These new comers are of differ ent colors, sizes, shapes and flavors, and differ from each other in their seasons of ripening. Some of the white varieties promise to excel in productiveness, size and flavor of fruit any of the older hardy white grapes; some of the red sorts to excel in beauty and size of bunch and berry, and in flavor and keeping qualities; and the black varieties in earliness of ripening, richness of flavor or showiness of bunches. Among some of the newest that are attracting attention at present are the following:

Lady Charlotte.—This will be desirable principally for its lateness, as most of the new white grapes ripen earlier. Its handsome large bunches and fine quality will also be in its favor. The berries are of medium size, white, turning into a yellow or golden color when ripe, and with a reddish tinge, if grown in the sun. They ripen about with the Iona. The vines are vigorous growers and productive.

Jefferson.—This is one of the most promising of the new red grapes. It is especially noticeable for its large and showy bunches and berries, and for its fine keeping qualities. There is a certain crispness and delicacy of flavor in the fruit which many persons will greatly appreciate. The vines thus far prove to be healthy, hardy and productive. Fruit ripens about with the Concord.

Purity.—This has been very appropriately named if delicacy of flavor and transparency of fruit, or freedom from color, are a fitting guage. The fruit is white; bunch and berry small. In flavor it is thought to surpass the Delaware, which variety it precedes about one week in ripening.

Golden Drop is a very early golden yellow grape, tinged with red. The berries and bunches resemble the Delaware very much in size, being small to medium, but the fruit ripens earlier. The variety originated at the far north, and may prove quite valuable on account of its earliness, hardiness and productiveness.

Early Victor.—A promising new extra early black grape. It originated in Kansas, and has now been tested sufficiently in a number of States to show that it is possessed of qualities of decided merit. Bunch and berry of medium size, fruit of good quality, ripens a week or two before the Concord.

Amber Queen and *Naomi* or green or yellow grapes that are destined to create considerable excitement among fruit growers. They are both very showy, and may prove very popular among amateurs. The Naomi ripens with the Concord and is remarkable for its delicious quality and beauty.

Eldorado, Prentiss, Duchess and *Lady Washington* are popular new white grapes of fine quality, that have been previously described. *Pocklington*—a golden grape is valued by some on account of its showy appearance.

Brighton, Lady, Moore's Early, Concord, Delaware and *Wilder* are among some of the older varieties on my grounds.

The grape is one of the few fruits that can be grown to advantage in city or village gardens where the space is limited. Indeed, they can be said to occupy scarcely any room at all, as they can be planted within a half or quarter of a foot from a fence or building, and the vines allowed to climb up the sides of the fence or to give shade to windows or piazzas. Requiring but little care it is a fruit that the ladies of the household can take under their special protection. When the delicious golden, red and purple clusters shall ripen, then the owner will feel well repaid for any little care that may have been bestowed upon the vines.

Moorestown, N. J.

LICE IN THE POULTRY HOUSE.

A correspondent in the *Poultry Yard*, tells how to keep lice out of his poultry house: "About the perches and platforms I often sprinkle some insect powder or carbolic acid. That is very good. You can get a cheap solution at any drug store which may be diluted with two or three times its bulk of water, and will still clean out the lurking mites in a hurry. Then, at least once a year, I drive out all the fowls, shut the house as closely as possible, put some sulphur into a hot skillet and get outside as soon as I get a blue flame started. Let it smoke for an hour then take out the skillet and let the building air. Then again, kerosene is good, and it is so cheap that it can be used freely at small cost. The cruder the oil the better, however, for I have seen lice swimming about in the higher grade of refined oil and apparently enjoying it. In fact, I depend upon no one thing; only, if I can get the nuisances into a good hot fire I don't think there is much danger of their coming out.

A DAY DOWN CELLAR.

[Cor. Boston Journal.]

Take one day down cellar to throw out and carry away all dirt, rotten wood, decaying vegetables and other accumulations that have gathered there; brush down cobwebs, and with a bucket of lime give the walls and ceiling a good coating of whitewash. No matter if you don't understand the business; no matter if you have not got a whitewash brush; take an old broom that the good wife has worn out and spread it on thick and strong. It will sweeten up the air in the cellar, the parlor and the bed chambers, (if your cellar is like the ordinary farm house cellars), and it may save your family from the afflictions of fevers, diptheria and doctors. While the lime is about, you might as well give the inside of the hen house a coat of it. It will be a good thing for the fowls, if you do.

☞ Iowa is the leading dairy State of the West. The number of cows and dairy interests have increased 131 per cent. in the last ten years.

"ENSILAGE."

A MAN WHO TAKES NO STOCK IN SILOS.

Geo. W. White, of Eltingville, Staten Island, N. Y., says in the *Homestead*: "It seems strange to me that my experience is the reverse of all I can glean from agricultural reports. I took hold of the subject with great expectations, built my silos of boards above ground, and when my corn was in condition I had it cut in the most approved manner and packed away. I never put so much in so little space before and never expect to again. I opened the silo Nov. 1, 1881; it contained about 400 tons. I found its condition to be as good as any I ever saw, and was happy. I had seen ensilage from most of the leading pits in the country, so considered myself a judge of its condition. The day I opened it I began feeding; my cows took hold of it with a relish; so they do now, after feeding on it four months, with the addition of three quarts of meal, six quarts of bran and one-half quart of oil meal per cow a day.

Now, then, for the result. My cows have not given the same flow of milk and have not gained in flesh, nor do they look bright and clear as they did last winter fed on corn, cut and cured in the field, drawn to the barn, run through a cutter and dressed with same proportions as this winter—meal and wheat bran. A fatter, brighter, cleaner lot of cows could not be found than I had last spring. This winter, I am sorry to say, it is the reverse. What's the cause? I say ensilage. A few days back my cows were doing poorly, and looking as though they would like to tell me that if they had some sweeter food they would do better. I ordered the food changed to ensilage for breakfast, barley grains for dinner, cured cornstalks for supper, with one quart of bran intermixed at each meal; and to-day forty cows show an increase of sixty quarts of milk against one week ago. Why is it? Last winter I had no thought on the subject. They milked well, looked sleek and became fat. Butcher s bought them. The butchers don't trouble me now. I did not change the cows' feed. They consumed all I gave them, and seemed satisfied. It is not so this winter; they seem to long for something else.

Hay I have now only for my horses; and let me say he e, by way of an experiment on feeding ensilage to horses I bought a mare eight years old, for a few dollars, that my only trouble was wind founder. I had her fed on ensilage; she held her own six weeks and died with a throat disease. I can't say ensilage killed her, but I know that my other horses are all in fine condition and did not take the malignant diphtheria.

My place is of easy access from New York. My barn contains every improvement ingenuity has devised, even the silo. Every one is welcome. I can show as good ensilage as there is in the country, and as poor stock.

ABOUT FOREIGN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

[Western Rural.]

The commercial relations between this country and the various nations of Europe are now so intimate that it is a matter of importance to the farmer as well as most other men that the weights and measures in use by the different peoples be well understood. We therefore condense, from authentic sources, a large number of standard terms used, especially in the handling of grain.

In Great Britain the "quarter" is most frequently used in all market quotations. Now, a quarter is a somewhat variable quantity when applied to productions from different nations. For example, on cost, freight and insurance business:

A quarter of California wheat weighs 500 pounds.

A quarter of other American wheat weighs 480 pounds.

A quarter of Chilian wheat weighs 480 pounds.

A quarter of Danubian maize weighs 480 pounds.

A quarter of Odessa maize weighs 492 pounds.

A quarter of Galatz maize weighs 192 pounds.

A quarter of barley weighs 400 pounds.

A quarter of oats varies from 304 pounds to 336 pounds.

A quarter of rye weighs 480 pounds.

A quarter of beans weighs 480 pounds.

A quarter of peas weighs 504 pounds.

A quarter of lentils weighs 504 pounds.

A quarter of Danubian wheat weighs 480 pounds.

A quarter of South Russian wheat weighs 492 pounds.

In Great Britain also American produce is sometimes sold by the bushel at the following weights:

Wheat, beans and clover seed, 60 pounds per bushel.

Maize, rye and flax seed 56 pounds per bushel.

Buckwheat, 42 pounds per bushel.

Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.

Oats, 35 pounds per bushel.

Timothy seed, 48 pounds per bushel.

Then again:

A sack of flour weighs 280 pounds.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.

A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.

A barrel of powder weighs 25 pounds.

A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.

A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.

1,015 French kilogrammes equal 1 ton.

816 Constantinople kilos equal 100 quarters.

100 Galatz kilos equal 143 quarters.

100 Ibrail kilos of wheat equal 232 quarters.

2 1-4 French hectolitres equal about 1 bushel.

A Dutch last of wheat equals 10 1-2 quarters.

A Dutch last of barley equals 10 1-2 quarters.

A Dutch last of oats equals 10 1-4 quarters.

A German last of wheat equals 13 to 14 quarters.

100 Russian chetwerts of wheat equal 72 quarters.

100 Russian chetwerts of seed equal 83 quarters.

100 Russian chetwerts of barley equal 88 quarters.

100 Russian chetwerts of rye equal 74 quarters.

100 Russian chetwerts of oats equal about 68 quarters.

100 Egyptian ardebs of wheat equal 62 1-2 quarters.

100 Egyptian ardebs of beans equal 65 quarters.

1,000 Egyptian ardebs of cotton seed equal about 115 tons.

5 Spanish fanegas of wheat equal about 1 quarter.

5 Chilian fanegas of wheat equal 160 pounds.

1 maund of Indian wheat and feed equal 80 pounds.

350 Austrian stajas of wheat equal 100 quarters.

25 Portuguese alqueire of wheat equal 1 1-4 quarters.

Barcelona cras of wheat equals 1,925 bushel.

10 Norway mass—1 maller—4.126 bush.

12 German sheffeln—1 maller—18,145 bushels.

1 Vienna metzen equals 17 bushels.

47,281 Vienna metzen equal 100 quarters.

2,032 pounds German equal 2,240 pounds English.

A French quintal equals 100 kilos—220 1-4 pounds.

100 French charges equal 100 quarters.

21,768 French kilogrammes equal 480 pounds.

225 French kilogrammes equal 496 pounds.

To reduce any number of our bushels of Indian corn to English quarters of 480 pound, multiply by 7 and divide by 60. To reduce cwts. of flour to barrels of 196 pounds, multiply by 4 and divide by 7.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

POULTRY INTEREST IN MAINE.

To the Editor Mass. Ploughman:

The world moves along as usual here in Maine. It is continually seeing changes, innovations, and obsoleting things. Time brings change. With our sister States we are slowly passing along the road of progress, and yet there is room. The census gives us many useful lessons. It is a valuable instructor, and a mile-stone as well as a finger-post along the way.

Maine ranks in the forty-six States and Territories in productions of the farm as given below:

Sheep	17	Milch Cows	32
Horses	27	Oxen & other cattle	33
Hogs	24	Buckwheat	4
Potatoes (Irish)	8	Barley	9
Hay	10	Oats	23
Corn	22		

The annual crops are valued at:

Corn	$ 1,140,941	Hay	$13,689,462
Wheat	317,338	Oats	1,092,543
Potatoes	2,702,522	Barley	516,837
Rye	37,048	Buckwheat	272,139

In addition to this we have a rank in Railroad of 28, of Iron and Steel 22. The statistics of lumber, lime manufacture, slate and granite quarries are not at hand. In addition to these the production of cotton and woollen goods, of leather, boots and shoes, of our shipyards and of our fisheries are items of no small importance.

At a meeting of the poultry breeders and poultrymen of South Paris, Me., the subject of a practical State association for advancement of the poultry interest was considered, and in view of the needs and demands of this constantly increasing branch of farm industry an organization was perfected called "The Poultry Breeders' Association of Maine," and officers were elected as follows: Prest., Dr. G. M. Twitchell, of Fairfield; Vice-Prest., Prof. G. H. Hamlin, of Orono; Sect., T. A. Hiskell, of Bangor; Asst. Sect., A. L. McFadden, of Waterville; Treas., W. G. Duren, of Bangor; Directors and Executive Committee, Dr. G. M. Twitchell, John W. Dana, F. E. Dwinal, A. E. Shurtlief, P. D. Haskell. It is the aim of the organization to stimulate the breeding of pure bred poultry in the State, foster the egg and poultry interest in all its branches, and unite with all local societies in whatever may be needed for the encouragement of this in the whole State. It will hold annually an exhibition in the interests of systematic breeding. The first exhibition will be held at Waterville during the winter of 1882–3.

The "Plymouth Rock" is receiving much attention in this State, and comes the nearest to being the all-purpose breed of any with which we have had acquaintance. The strain bred by Dr. G. M. Twitchell, of Fairfield, are superior layers and when reared for poultry give very heavy birds. They are fit for the table in from three to five months. The Plymouth Rocks are a tame, quiet, desirable breed, and are not larger consumers of food than the smaller breeds of more active habits.

There is increased attention not only to poultry and the dairy but to the raising of fruit, more especially winter apples. Maine can raise superior long-keeping apples. There is a great amount of good and cheap orcharding lands. The apple crop of the past year has brought large amounts of money into the State. Kennebec County is the most largely engaged in orcharding. Home-grown trees are preferred, and many farmers are growing their own trees.

J. W. LANG.

Brooks, Me.

GRAPE CULTURE.

T. S. Hubbard, the grape-vine man of Fredonia, N. Y., issues the following in regard to the planting and culture of vines:

Strong growing kinds, like Rogers' Hybrids, Concord, Elvira, Hartford, Brighton, Ives, Prentiss, Diana, Agawam, Talman, Wordens, should be planted eight feet apart in the row. For slower growing kinds like Delaware, Eumelan, Martha, Catawba, Lady, Iona, six feet is better. The slow growing kinds should be planted on the richest soil, and have liberal dressings of manure, while the strong growing kinds do best in moderately fertile soil, or if on rich soil they must be planted farther apart, pruned long, and trained on higher stakes or trellises, so as to have room to run. When ready to plant stake out the ground in rows about eight feet apart, and six to eight feet apart in the row. Take twenty-five to fifty vines from the trench, cut the roots back to 10 or 12 inches long, prune the top back within a foot of the roots, and place them in a tub or bucket of water. In planting, take only one root from the water at a time, so none shall get dried out. Make holes one foot deep and two feet across, having two or three inches of good, rich soil placed in the bottom of each hole. Spread the roots in the bottom of the hole in every direction, taking care not to have them cross each other. Place fine, rich earth carefully around and in among the roots, and fill the hole only partially full or within three inches of the top of the plant. If the tops are short, the hole may remain partly filled up in the shape of a basin until later in the season, when it can be gradually fil

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882.

An Agricultural Institute in Boston.—A number of leading agriculturists, sympathising with President Chadbourne of the Agricultural College, in his efforts to awaken an increased interest in behalf of "agricultural education," to which allusion was made in last week's *Ploughman*, have decided to hold a meeting in Boston at an early day, which will be called under the auspices of the New England Agricultural Society, of which due notice will be given.

The purpose of the proposed meeting is to inspire freshly the officers and managers of the various Agricultural Societies of New England, who will be specially invited to attend, in order that they may in their several localities arouse a new public interest in behalf of the subject of agricultural education. Of the need of such a movement at the present time there can be no doubt. President Chadbourne has already signified his readiness to be present at the proposed meeting, and only awaits the completion of the arrangements which are necessary to collect the best possible representation of all the societies in New England. It will be of the first importance for them to meet the President of the Mass. Agricultural College, and to hear his explanation and advocacy of what will most advance agricultural education in the country.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

No sooner has the policy of England in respect to the government of Ireland been changed about completely, so that the people of Ireland have no ground left on which to rest any further hostility, than a dastardly outrage is committed in the public park of Dublin, like the murder of Lord Cavendish and his Under Secretary, last Saturday evening. If anything is calculated to utterly discourage all further efforts to propitiate the public sentiment of Ireland and to bring about a final union of English and Irish interests, it is such a horrible tragedy as this. It seems as if its perpetrators had purposely chosen the time, of all other times, when a deed of such a character would be most effective in destroying the last hopes of the Irish people. Treachery to the cause they profess could not well be more flagrant and base. It was an open and defiant refusal of the treaty of perpetual amity just proposed by Mr. Gladstone.

The particulars of this shocking and least expected tragedy are by this time familiar to all readers, and can scarcely require repetition now. A more cold blooded crime could not be conceived. The assassins were resolved to do their work thoroughly. They may, or they may not, have realized that every blow dealt by their murderous blades was a stab at the vital part of the arrangement by which it is sought to cement the relations of the two countries and bring lasting peace and tranquility out of a state of disorder and hatred and violence. The time seemed well chosen for inaugurating the bold but benevolent experiment of Mr. Gladstone's ministry, but an evil fate has thrust in its ruthless hand to destroy the last hope, if possible, to which both countries clung. What will be the immediate effect of this act of assasination is not very difficult to tell. The government can do no other than to draw tight the reins of power and lay down the heavy hand.

But whether statesmanship is equal to the difficult task of regarding all this as incidental and temporary, and separating the deed and its perpetrators from the changing tone of public feeling in Ireland which the announcement of the new policy had set in operation, will receive its first, if not perhaps its final, answer from the people of England themselves. It is hardly to be expected that the public temper of England will be inclined now to treat Ireland with that calm fairness and justice which would have been the case but for this unexpected and ill-starred barbarism. Nothing could be concocted more likely to excite a deadly hostility in the English mind and heart to everything that looked to any further accommodation with the Irish people. Dynamite has been recklessly exploded under a scheme that promised larger and richer benefits to Ireland than she had enjoyed for a term of three centuries. Kindness is met with curses, and generosity is answered with assassination.

It is very difficult to see how Mr. Gladstone can now look with the slightest confidence for support from his own party or from the country, the former already dividing sharply over the new policy toward Ireland, and the apprehension may well be entertained that the majority in such a division of the Liberal party will now go rapidly over against it. In that case all present hope for relief has been lost to Ireland for many years to come. The Conservatives, who drove the Liberal ministry to take this step by offering to take it themselves, will not venture to brave public sentiment by adopting the new policy, but may be much more expected to turn about and try to catch the favoring support of that sentiment by proposing a directly opposite policy toward Ireland, with every hope of success. We may yet see the strong hand of power once more thrust into Irish affairs as it was in the time of Cromwell and the century previous. All for the gratification of the vengeance that satisfies none but fiends and monsters!

GLADSTONE IN THE NEW TRIAL.

Rarely does it fall to the lot of a public man and a statesman to be put to so sudden and stern a test as Mr. Gladstone has just been subjected to by the shocking event in Dublin. The very agent by whose hand he had sent to Ireland the measure at conciliation and kindness was selected for assassination as soon as he had arrived with his message. It would seem as if Ireland had peacefully triumphed in a cause from which she could not recede. Certainly she could not have expected any more at the hands of England than she had just received. Parnell was released, and ready to resume his seat in Parliament. The other three influential leaders of the Land League had been set at liberty. The prisons were to be emptied without delay, and a measure was to be presented to Parliament for the relief of the Irish tenantry from the burden of their rent arrears, the immediate cause of all their woes.

What gave the case the utmost possible importance was the fact that the new policy adopted by Mr. Gladstone completely reversed that under which Ireland had been governed and had grown increasingly desperate. It was a revolution in administration. No public man of high repute could afford to make such a voluntary confession of past errors as was implied in the proposal of the new measure. It must be assumed that the Irish people and their leaders accepted the new proposal not only with gratitude but with joy. The heart of the population was touched to its core by this manifestation of statesmanlike magnanimity. It opened an entirely new era in the relations of England and Ireland, and promised to cement them, once for all, in a close and lasting friendship. It would be the madness of insanity itself to meet such an advance on the part of England, made under circumstances so unparalelled in political history, with red-handed assassination. Ireland must have known from very instinctiveness that such ingratitude would call down the reprobation of the civilised world.

It is a shock from which not even a master's power, such as that of Mr. Gladstone is known to be, can be expected to recall England to the contemplation of the act of justice which he had hardly invited the nation to perform. From such a shock to public feeling the result cannot be other than an uncontrollable one. How long it will take that public feeling to recover from the effect of this most atrocious outrage done to itself, no one can at this present moment say. The wonder would naturally be great if even time would avail to soothe the deep popular passion which this event has aroused. The danger for Ireland now is, that the Gladstone ministry may go to pieces before the storm of excitement that has been raised, and that a government may succeed that will represent this passion in place of the conciliatory policy adopted by Mr. Gladstone, and make the last state of Ireland worse than the first. So ruthlessly does the stroke of the assassin usually deal with the fortunes and the fate of a whole population.

The leaders of the Land League have been prompt to denounce this most untimely as well as wicked crime in language that amply attests their horror of it. They could hardly have done less. If they would now save themselves and the cause they profess to hold dear from inevitable ruin, they will lose not an hour in taking the Gladstone policy up and down Ireland and announcing it as their own, rallying the people to it with all the unanimity in their power. It is for them to help the Gladstone ministry in this their hour of mortal peril, for none others can do it. They only can turn the angry edge of the aroused feeling of the English people, by uniting as one man in the support of the policy whose first announcement has been met with such a base return. And since Irish-Americans rest under the charge of having assisted in forwarding a policy that has culminated in this shocking manner, they especially are summoned to prove themselves incapable of a thought that would, by the utmost distortion and violence, lead to a result so deplorable in any light in which it may be regarded.

THE AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION.

The Bill Approved by both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature and becomes a Law.

The bill for the immediate establishment of an Agricultural Experiment Station at Amherst has successfully passed through both branches of the Legislature, and without doubt will receive the signature of the Governor. The friends of progressive agriculture in Massachusetts have every reason to be gratified with this result of their combined efforts to place Massachusetts abreast with Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and North Carolina, in this matter. This State, of all others, could not have afforded to lag behind in a movement for the advancement of scientific agriculture, in the present age of scientific investigation and discovery. Equipped with this simple but powerful arm of service in the field of agriculture, the Commonwealth will be capable of successfully rivalling the efforts of even the richest farming States in opening future possibilities to the devoted agriculturist.

Three thousand dollars, under the bill, are to be paid over for the beginning of the work by July, and five thousand dollars are to be paid annually for the support of the new institution by the State. The Legislature will receive the sincere thanks of all its citizens, particularly those who are directly interested in agricultural operations of whatever kind, for its prompt action in response to the petition for an Experiment Station, and for the generous spirit which accompanied it. It will inaugurate a new era in the annals of agriculture in the State. The special subjects of inquiry to which the Station is to be devoted are duly recited in the text of the bill, which is herewith subjoined. It will be seen that the list includes all branches of scientific study and investigation which can be made to bear any practical relation to agriculture in its progressive stage, in which those who are interested in farming will be likewise interested. The following is the text of the bill:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-two.

AN ACT to establish an Agricultural Experiment Station.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. An Agricultural Experiment Station shall be established and maintained at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, in Amherst.

SECT. 2. The management of said Station shall be vested in a board of control of seven persons, of which the Governor of the Commonwealth shall be president *ex officio*, and of which board of control two shall be from the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, elected by that board; two from the trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, elected by that body; one from the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, to be elected by that body; and the remaining member shall be the president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College; and the board thus constituted shall choose a secretary and treasurer.

SECT. 3. The board of control shall hold an annual meeting during the month of January, in the rooms of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture in Boston, at which time they shall make to the legislature a detailed report of all moneys expended by their order, and of the results of the experiments and investigations conducted at the station, with the name of each experimenter attached to the report of his own work, which detailed report shall be printed in the annual report of the secretary of the board of agriculture.

SECT. 4. The board of control shall, at its first meeting, arrange for the retiring of two members each year, to be replaced by the bodies such retiring members represent; *provided*, that when the lot falls on the president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College to retire, he shall remain, and only one member be retired in that year.

SECT. 5. It shall be the duty of the board of control to appoint a director, chemists, and all necessary assistants, to provide suitable and necessary apparatus and appliances for the purpose of conducting experiments and investigations in the following subjects:—

First, The causes, prevention, and remedies of the diseases of domestic animals, plants, and trees;

Second, The history and habits of insects destructive to vegetation, and the means of their abatement;

Third, The manufacture and composition of both foreign and domestic fertilizers, as to their several values and their adaptability to different crops and soils;

Fourth, The values, under all conditions, as food for all farm animals, for various purposes, of the several forage, grain, and root crops;

Fifth, The comparative value of salted and dry forage, and the cost of growing and preserving it in the best condition;

Sixth, The adulteration of any article of food intended for the use of men or animals; and in any other subject which may be deemed advantageous to the agriculture and horticulture of the Commonwealth. And they may from time to time distribute any or all of the results of any experiment or investigation to such newspapers as may desire to publish the same.

SECT. 6. There shall be paid from the State treasury to the treasurer of the board of control of the Agricultural Experiment Station, before the first day of July next, the sum of three thousand dollars, to establish, prepare and equip said Station; and for the maintenance of said Station hereafter, there shall also be paid to said treasurer the sum of five thousand dollars annually, in regular quarterly instalments, on the first days of January, April, July and October of each year, beginning on the first day of July next.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE REPAIRS.

The resolve in favor of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, having been favorably reported to the Senate from the Committee on the Treasury in a new draft, it was at once passed by that branch of the Legislature and subsequently by the House. The resolve appropriates $9000 in all, four thousand for making repairs on the College buildings belonging to the Commonwealth, and five thousand for building a drill-house for military instruction. The bill as it passed the Legislature is herewith appended.

In the brief explanatory discussion which accompanied the bill the committee frankly stated that the sub-committee from whom the request came were positively modest in their solicitations, and that they would have been willing to appropriate a larger sum for the purposes specified; but they considered that the avowed policy of the Trustees of the College was one of the strictest economy, and that they asked of the State not a dollar more than was entirely necessary to maintain the State property in the College in the most effectual condition for educational purposes and ends. This voluntary legislative endorsement of the action of the Trustees and approval of its spirit is welcome testimony to the character of the management in whose hands the College is steadily advancing in its influence and success. The following is the text of the bill as it was passed:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-two.

RESOLVE

In favor of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Resolved, That there be allowed and paid out of the treasury of the Commonwealth to the Trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College nine thousand dollars, to be expended under the direction of said trustees in the following manner: four thousand dollars for making repairs on the college buildings belonging to the Commonwealth, and five thousand dollars for the erection of a building for the military instruction of the students of the college. The payment of said sums shall be made upon bills for work done and materials furnished for the purposes herein specified, which shall be approved by said trustees and allowed by the Auditor of the Commonwealth.

BOSTON SEWAGE.

The Legislature has been appealed to, to stop the progress of the work now going on for emptying the sewage of Back Bay territory into Dorchester Bay at Old Harbor Point, which will result in its accumulation upon the flats and thus generate disease for that section of the city, far and wide. As things are now going, the most deadly nuisance is threatened as the result of the present work that ever affected a civilized and populous community. Dorchester Bay is a comparatively small body of water, generally shallow, with weak currents, and exposing a large part at low water. Experiments with floats show that, from Old Harbor Point, they are taken no farther with one tide than to Spectacle Island, where the flood tide takes them and returns them upon the South Shore. There is therefore not sufficient current to carry sewage out into the harbor, as it could be, on the north side of the city, if it were discharged at Craigie's Bridge. The only safety is in either forcing the sewage seaward where the tides will take it up, or keeping it out of Dorchester Bay altogether.

All matter that is discharged into Dorchester Bay remains there. If the Back Bay sewage is to be carried beyond the district in which it originates,—as it certainly must, if that section of the city is to remain populated—there is no propriety or decency, nor any more security for others, in merely discharging it into the midst of the people of a different section. Provision ought to be made for carrying it clear out where the daily tides of the sea will be sure to receive it and dispose of it. But the city has seen fit to change the ordinary plan for discharging the sewage of the Back Bay, by permitting it to be discharged over the flats of Dorchester Bay from Old Harbor Point, in place of carrying it, according to the original directions of the Legislature, out beyond Moon Island. Even there it is not believed by many competent engineers to be sufficiently taken care of by the tides that enter the harbor, the original theory not being entirely accepted by them as an effective one. But at any rate, the people living around Dorchester Bay, including the dense population of South Boston peninsula, rise in rebellion against the present project of simply transferring the Back Bay sewage to their own neighborhood.

It would manifestly be a piece of as rank injustice as of absurdity to let this new half-project go on to its completion. The Legislature is asked to interpose its authority, and at least compel the execution of the original plan, which was to carry the sewage of the Back Bay beyond Moon Island. At the hearing of the protestants to the present scheme before the legislative committee, this week, the city was represented by those who attempted to explain away the real meaning of its present action; which was justly regarded by the petitioners for relief as evidence of its intention to commit the nuisance against which protection is sought of the Legislature. Unless legislative action is taken at once, or before adjournment, it will be too late to prevent the city from executing its present intentions, which are sufficiently shown by the fact that the machinery for the work is placed in position fully two years before it is really needed. Such a scheme as this would do nothing to disintegrate a non-united municipality, and break it up into hostile districts, each resolved on its own safety, than any measure which it would seem possible to devise.

CONGRESS.

The Senate, by a vote of 35 to 19, passed the tariff commission bill as it came from the House. Afterwards, it went into a prolonged discussion of the bill creating immediate appellate courts as a measure of relief for the United States Supreme Court. It likewise passed the tree bills for donating condemned cast iron cannon for monumental, cemetery, and other purposes. The House devoted an entire session to the consideration of the bill for enlarging the duties and powers of the Bureau of Agriculture, but without coming to any conclusion. Senator Housley called attention to the scandalous management of the District jail in Washington, from which Capt. Newgate was not long since allowed to escape, and in which the assassin Guiteau has been holding daily receptions. A resolution was adopted by the Senate, instructing the committee on the District of Columbia to make an investigation with reference to these and similar doings at the jail. A bill was introduced in the Senate, to reinstate Fitz John Porter in the army, with the same rank that he held when expelled. A similar bill was intro duced in the House. One, also, to aid in making further Arctic exploration. An appropriation of $100,000 is wanted for the purpose. A resolution was presented in the House, in favor of abolishing postage on newspapers to regular subscribers. A petition was offered in the Senate in favor of the Judge Lowell bankrupt bill. A committee was appointed to investigate certain charges of corruption in connection with the bonded distilled spirits bill.

THE LEGISLATURE

A bill for re-establishing Congressional districts within the State was reported to the Senate. The papers on the elevated railroads bill were returned, according to request, to the House. In the Mystic Pond nuisance case, a substitute bill was adopted. The House resolve in favor of Walter Shanley was refused a rejection by the Senate. It likewise passed to be engrossed the bill to increase certain court salaries. The House, after debating the Senate bill to abolish a certain portion of the compulsory pilotage on smaller vessels, and to provide for a commission to investigate the whole subject of pilotage and report to the next Legislature, rejected it by a vote of 67 to 76. It also refused to admit the petition of the Bell Telephone Company for an amendment of its charter; also, to reconsider its rejection of the bill to exempt bail commissioners from making annual returns. A favorable report was made in the Senate on placing the Col. Robert G. Shaw monument in the yard of the State House. The House engrossed the bill to abolish the relics of the old school district system; also the bill and resolve in favor of the Agricultural College; also the bill to prevent the exercise of any liquor license within four hundred feet of a schoolhouse on the same street. An amendment of the divorce law was reported from the probate committee. The House rejected the Senate bill for the re-assessment of taxes upon alienated real estate. Notice was given of a substitute for the bill for the sale of the State stock of the New York and New England Railroad. The resolve appropriating $9000 for the repairs on building at Agricultural College was debated at considerable length, and with more or less feeling on the part of those opposed to it. But the majority by which it was finally passed was a large one.

Our Grain Experts to Europe.—The balance of foreign trade depends now upon the returns from the coming crop season and the demand of Europe for American wheat and provisions. Upon these two closely connected facts of course depends the future of the stock market. The transportation business of the railroads will be good or bad, according to these two related conditions. In any case, we have got to allow for the presence of a new and powerful rival in the foreign grain trade, and one that will very shortly bring the grain cornerers to their senses. That rival is to be India. The recent increase of grain exportation from that country to Europe is truly marvellous. In 1879, only 240,000 bushels were exported; in 1881, only two years later, 18,500,000 bushels were exported. For the first two months of 1879, the importation was nothing. The grain speculators of this country may well take warning from this astounding exhibit, and so may the stock speculators of Wall street also. This fact, which will be a surprise to most people, shows of a certainty that Europe is far from being as dependant, even to-day, as this country for its grain supply in case of a marked deficiency at home, as many suppose. India is being rapidly provided with railroad facilities, so that it will every year become easier to move the products of the wheat fields to the points where they may be shipped, and in addition to this, labor is cheaper there than almost anywhere else where so precious a staple as wheat can be raised, which will make a great difference in the cost of it to European purchasers. This is one of the facts which we shall have to bear in mind, in any future speculation on the subject of grain exportation to Europe.

READ AND RUN.

— For the first time in the history of the Church of England, a Bishop of that church has been decorated with a war-medal, an Afghan medal.

— The tenth child was not long since born to M. de Lesseps, of canal fame, he being at the present time seventy-seven years old, and his oldest child being but nine years of age.

— The Russian government does not permit the Jews a residence in St. Petersburg at all, or in other cities of the Empire.

— The steamer Servia, of the Cunard line, was built to cross the Atlantic in seven days, and she has very nearly done it, though in the face of adverse weather. She makes over seventeen knots an hour.

— The question is raised in certain circles whether France is not drifting toward bankruptcy.

— The wretchedness of the rural population of Italy is increasing every month. In the neighborhood of Rome, their condition is horrible, being packed like swine in the cellars where they live.

— There is a hermit in Cincinnati, now eighty years of age, who was formerly a partner in a large and successful dry-goods store. He secluded himself, twenty years ago, in a handsome suburban residence, and has never since been off the premises. His property has largely appreciated in that time.

— Over seven hundred students were graduated in the Philadelphia medical colleges, last year.

— A correspondent of the London Times in Sydney, New South Wales, writes that the workingmen there are vigorously against the project of parliamentary grants for encouraging emigration from England thither. He says—"They have got a good thing, and want to keep it to themselves"

— A new form of vegetarianism has been started in California. Those who practice it eat the vegetables raw. The leader in this new movement has for months lived on broken wheat, pears, melons, grapes, apples and tomatoes, without cooking, and he insists that he enjoys and thrives on that style of diet.

— Gladstone is denounced in the St. James Gazette of London for having committed "a shocking outrage," just because he gave a dinner party at his official residence in Downing Street, on the first anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death. It might have been overlooked as a first offence!

— Quinine pills are complained of as being something else, which will go to render their prescription in tavers ineffectual.

— Miners are very much troubled with a disease called anthracosis, caused by the inhalation of coal dust, certain portions of the lungs after a time become so loaded with the coal dust that they break down.

— The Court of Claims, at Washington, has dismissed the petition in the case of the State National Bank of Boston against the United States, which was a claim for $125,000, growing out of the transactions of Hartwell and Carter, in connection with the Boston Sub-Treasury.

— Lon Morris, formerly well known hereabouts in connection with minstrelsy enterprises, was buried on Tuesday last.

— The hull of the new steamer, the first of the domed vessels to be built by the American Quick Transit Steamship Company, is well advanced in construction, at Newark, on the Hudson River. The machinery will be ready as soon as the vessel is prepared to receive it.

— Theodore A. Sweetser, a well-known lawyer of Lowell and Boston, died at his residence in this city during the week.

— Only two drinking places of the three thousand in Cincinnati were open last Sunday. The police Stations were remarkably free from prisoners.

— On the Speaker's table, in the House of Representatives at Washington, are 178 bills that have passed the Senate and await the action of the House.

— The condition of Judge Lord, at his home in Salem, is not materially changed.

— It is believed that the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke was the work of Fenians. Mr. Parnell said in the House of Commons, on which he has now returned, that it was done by his enemies and the enemies of the cause of pacification.

— Few countries are said to excel Morocco in the production of garden vegetables, the markets being supplied abundantly with good and cheap vegetables all the year round. The cultivation of potatoes is said to be increasing every year.

— The importation of tortoises into England is carried on under circumstances of great cruelty. They are closely packed in barrels, and sent without any food on voyages lasting for weeks.

— The British consul in this city advertises a reward for any person giving information which shall lead to the apprehension of the murderers in Dublin.

— The intention of releasing the suspects in Ireland is now entirely abandoned.

— Secretary Forster says that he believes the murders to have been committed in order to show that it is impossible to conciliate the Fenians.

— Mr. Gladstone telegraphed in response to the condolences of the Marquis of Ripon, Viceroy of India, that "the object of this black act is plainly to arouse indignant passions and embitter the relations between Great Britain and Ireland."

—The indignation expressed over the dastardly crime just committed in Ireland is universal. The leaders of the land league are specially emphatic in their denunciation of the unhuman authors. There are no apologists anywhere for this horrible crime.

— The Publishers' Weekly says that not one of the great morning journals of New York presents as full a picture of the literature of the day as is daily given of crime, sport or scandal.

— It is believed that Rev. Newman Smyth will be in no haste to decide between the call to lecture at Andover and the pastorate of the Centre Church in New Haven.

— The House committee on civil service reform, at Washington, has instructed its chairman to report a bill for the enlargement of the powers and duties of the Department of Agriculture.

—The Chili-Peruvian investigation is concluded in its Washington branch, with the testimony of Senator Blair. He admitted that he received a thousand shares of the Peruvian Company's stock, par value $100, for his services as counsel in the case.

—The President has removed the civil disabilities from Fitz John Porter, and a bill has been introduced in Congress to reinstate him in the army with the same rank that he held when he was expelled from it.

— The United States Supreme Court has denied the application of Sergeant Mason for a writ of *habeas corpus*, deciding thereby that the court martial had full jurisdiction, and that it did not exceed its power in passing sentence.

— A collision on the Boston, Concord, and Montreal railroad, on Monday afternoon, between a passenger and a cattle train resulted in the death of two persons outright and the injury of several others.

— Madame Nilsson, which name she has adopted in her widowhood, recently appeared at Albert Hall, in London, for the first time since the death of her husband. She was dressed in deepest mourning, and her first notes betrayed her agitation.

The London Times is the one London journal that deals with the Dublin murder just as its perpetrators would themselves desire, if their counsel were sought. It seeks to aggravate the feeling that prevails, and to stir to its deepest the sentiment of hatred between the English and Irish people. In a leading article it says—"Even if it is true that the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke was done by American-Irish desperadoes, we must not forget that Mr. Parnell has boasted of consolidating an alliance between the Irish in America and those at home. We are unable to accept the plea that men who have pursued the Land Leaguers' course are divested of all responsibility for the crime they now denounce." This is in a fell spirit, and appears to express a desire to make the utmost of this atrocious act politically. This would rather seem to be the time to try to pacify the passions which at the least need no fanning.

The hearing of the Guiteau case on exceptions has been had in Washington, this week, with every present prospect of the Court's refusing to set aside the result of the trial on the plea of want of jurisdiction.

A meeting is to be held in London to petition the Queen to dissolve Parliament, on the ground of belief that many Liberals and Conservatives desire to elect another Parliament to deal more successfully with the reign of murder in Ireland.

A number of persons have been arrested in Ireland, on suspicion of complicity in the murders in Dublin. All suspicious persons and all tramps are to be promptly taken into custody by the Dublin authorities. The government will offer a reward of ten thousand pounds for information, given within three months, which will lead to the conviction of the murderers.

The New England Agricultural Fair at Worcester.—An awakened determination is manifest, this year, in all quarters in which influence originates, and is exerted, to achieve a success for the coming exhibition which shall surpass any yet recorded in the Society's history. This, too, not exclusively in a financial sense, but by reason of such a skillful and enterprising management of details and such a close conjunction of forces as will give the work a fresh impulse and a wider effect. It is in the arrangement of details that success in such a matter lies, quite as much as in the comprehensive sketching of a plan. It is already abundantly evident that a feeling has been excited, at most as if by consent, in favor of making this next Fair at Worcester the crowning one of the long and brilliant series by which the Society has become justly distinguished. A number of new and improved features will in proper time appear in connection with the plans that are maturing, which of themselves will testify sufficiently to the spirit of the current movement. All this will be certain to encourage the friends of the Society, and, indeed, the entire agricultural community, to a greatly increased extent. In consequence of the recently announced arrangements of the Trustees, by which a portion of the premiums is to be employed in the payment of transportation charges, a much larger selection of the various breeds of animals will be exhibited, representing the far equally with the near sections of New England, and an unrivalled exhibition in all departments will be secured. The premium list is nearly ready for publication, and at an early day will be freely distributed throughout New England. A strenuous effort is likewise to be made, this year, to exercise a more careful discrimination in the matter of making up the committees, both with a view to their largest efficiency and the utmost possible satisfaction of exhibitors. These are but a suggestion of what is at present taking place in the direction of an unprecedented success for the coming Fair at Worcester.

The Agricultural College Outlook.—It has been said that "nothing succeeds like success," and the saying would seem to be true in the case of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, whose prospects appear to have all at once widened to an extent that was hardly to be hoped for, only a few years ago. Its present status is of the best, promising the richest returns in the interests and reputation of the State. In the annual message of the Governor "spasmodic legislation" was justly complained of, as something which must be terminated before the College could hope to hold on a steady course. The grounds for that complaint were duly removed, and the hopes of the more immediate friends of the College were greatly revived and strengthened. With the disappearance of that, there was soon visible a growth of the public confidence in its stability and perpetuity. Next succeeded the organised movement for the establishment of a permanent fund, that should be sufficient to insure a permanent footing for the Institution. That has proceeded in the most flattering manner, and promises to result in the full success at which its originators aimed. All this naturally paved the way for the acceptance by a man of first-class ability and standing of the Presidency of the College, and Paul A Chadbourne was most fortunately secured for that responsible office. And now the Legislature has just voted an appropriation for necessary repairs of the College buildings which was voted for in thought should be a larger sum; and the establishment of an Experimental Station on the College grounds will greatly strengthen the institution. Thus we see that the College is now entering on a new stage of existence, and making ready to put forth a new manifestation of influence and usefulness. Its friends everywhere will unite in rejoicing at its present condition and encouraging improvement of its prospects. The outlook for the College is better than ever before.

☞ *European Breezes*, by Marie J. Pitman (Margary Deane) which has for some time contributed to "Newport Breezes" to one of our city journals, is a truly breezy little book of itself taking one over to and through Europe in a jaunty way while sitting comfortably in one's chair, and pointing out and describing notable places and persons, besides setting down the calculations of the cost of travel in the most considerate confidential manner. Its pages sparkle with the effervescence of happy spirits. The descriptions are enticing and satisfying though of necessity rapid and brief. One can enjoy this tour of Europe with Margary Deane almost as much as if it were taken in person. It is a really fresh collection of pleasant and graphic sketches. Lee & Shepard, publishers.

The inhabitants of the States of Sinaloa and Campechy, Mexico, are reported to be dying by thousands of black smallpox.

The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has forbidden the execution of the Concord and Lowell railroad contract.

In consequence of the rejection of the commercial treaty with France by the second chamber of the United States Congress, the ministry of the Netherlands has resigned.

Logic and reasoning, remarks the New York Sun, were never particularly popular in Wall street, but at no time within the last five years have chaos and humbug been so dominant there as they are now.

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

Pork.—Prices are firm. We quote job lots long cut at $22 00@22 50 ⅌ bbl; short cut at $22 50@23 00; backs at $23 00@23 50; lean ends at $21 50@22 00; mess at $19 50@20 00; prime mess at $21 00@21 50; extra prime pork at $16 50 ⅌ bbl. Lard is at 11@12c ⅌ lb in tierces; 12¼@12¾c in 10-lb pails; 12¾@13c in 5-lb pails, and 13@13c in 3-lb pails. Smoked hams are at 13@14c for the large sizes; 14@14½c for small; small canvassed hams bring 14½c; boneless breakfast bacon at 14@14½c, and breakfast bacon, 13½@14c. Pickled hams are sold at 10½@11c, and smoked ribs at 10½@11c ⅌ lb. Dressed hogs are at 9½@10c ⅌ lb for choice city dressed.

Beef.—Prices are strong. We quote mess at $12 00@12 50 ⅌ bbl; extra mess at $13 50@14; extra family, $17 50@18 00; extraplate at $18 00@18 50; plate at $17 00@18 00; beef hams at $27 00; beef tongues, in bbls, at $22 00@23 00, and in half bbls at $11 00@12 00. Fresh beef.—The market is a shade less firm, but prices of hinds and forres are only ½@¾c lower. We quote steers at 10½@11c ⅌ lb. Hinds at 12@13c ⅌ lb; fores at 10@10¾c per lb; rattles at 8@9c; ribs at 9@11c, the latter being very choice; rumps at 14@16c; rounds at 12@13c; loins at 16@18c; and fancy higher. In other fresh meats there has been a fair trade. Mutton is a trifle lower. Veal and lambs are unchanged. We quote fancy heavy mutton at 12@13c ⅌ lb; common to good, 9@11c ⅌ lb; choice lamb at 12@15c; common to good at 11@12c; spring at 20@25c; choice veal, 9@10c, and common, 7@9c.

BOSTON CHEESE MARKET.

Market rather slow at unchanged prices. We quote at 14c for choice New York dairy; 9@10c for good do at 10@12c, while the best Western commands 12¼@13c, with fancy at 13½c; medium goods being slow at 11@12c, with sharp summer Western goods nominally 6@10c ⅌ lb.

CHICAGO CATTLE MARKET.

Cattle.—Never did sellers have matters more completely under their control or to their liking than during the first half of the past week, and so brisk was the demand from shippers and exporters that the declines established the preceding the previous week was quickly recovered. On Thursday $8 ⅌ cwt was paid in a couple of instances for fully matured cattle; very ordinary lots, averaging 1,100 lbs sold at $7, and still-fed steers, averaging 1,374 lbs, went as high as $7 80—a remarkable price and one never before heard of in the yards. Native and still-fed Southern Cattle averaging less than 1,000 lbs brought $6 25, and nothing answering to the description "shipping steers" went off that day at less than $6 50. The general market is still 10@15c below the quotations of a week ago. As a result of the increased offerings of cheap cattle, city butchers if is is true that the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke was done by American-Irish desperadoes, we must not forget that Mr. Parnell has boasted of consolidating an alliance between the Irish in America and those at home. We are unable to accept the plea that men who have pursued the Land Leaguers' course are divested of all responsibility for the crime they now denounce." This is in a fell spirit, and appears to express a desire to make the utmost of this atrocious act politically. This would rather seem to be the time to try to pacify the passions which at the least need no fanning.

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Corn at 32 1-2 Cents ⅌ Bushel.—The corn crop is the surest raised in New England, and should be more largely grown. Dr. Nichols, the well-known agriculturist, estimates one bushel of Northern corn, ground with the cob, equal to a bushel of shelled corn from the West, while many farmers consider a ton of well cured corn fodder equal to a ton of English hay for making milk. This being the case, and corn at the present time being 90 cts. to $1.00 per bushel, every farmer should raise all he will be likely to use.

Mr. E. F. Bowditch, of Framingham, Mass., has probably raised with the Stockbridge Manure the most remarkable crop ever produced in Massachusetts. There have been square rods, or selected acres, which have produced more corn, but no field of so large an area (17 acres) which has averaged so great a yield as 100 bushels per acre. The land was in fair average condition; and no extra money was expended for a large crop. Up to time of harvest, no hand labor was employed in the field, it all being done by horses and machinery, including the hoeing.

Total cost for 17 7-16 acres.

Preparing the land, fertilizing, planting, tillage and tending crop for the season,	$98.85
Stocking corn,	60.00
Husking corn,	34.07
	$392.92
Stockbridge Manure (no other fertilizer or stable manure applied,)	379.90
	$972.82
By 52 72-100 tons Stover at $8.00,	408.56
	$564.26

Yield for 17 7-16, 3470 baskets, cost,.. 564.26
Yield per acre, 199 1-3 baskets, cost, 32.37
Yield of shelled corn per acre, 100 Bushels; Cost, 32 1-2 cts. per bushel.

— The Saturday Review says that, in its own way, the life of the late Mr. Darwin was an ideal life.

☞ "Confirms my previous opinion of its worth"—So says Rev. Dr. Francis Holmes, of Easton, Mass., in speaking of Bradley's Phosphate. He writes:—"My experience the current year in the use of Bradley's Phosphate confirms my previous opinions of its worth as formed in former years. I made use of it chiefly in the market garden. Potatoes, peas, tomatoes, musk melons, late cabbages and cauliflowers were fertilized in the bill and drill with it, without other manure, excepting the peas and potatoes, which had barn-yard manure broadcast. They all yielded good crops. I think no fertilizer could be manufactured which would produce better results."

— Casper Faber began to make lead pencils in 1731, in Bavaria.

"SIMPLY WONDERFUL."

The following is an extract from a letter received July 6th, 1880, from which it will be seen that Compound Oxygen did a work which, to use the patient's own language, is "simply wonderful" He says: "Since I wrote you last (about five weeks ago) I have gained fourteen pounds in weight, and my general health has improved accordingly. I just finished the Treatment which you sent April 12th, and *the work which it has done is simply wonderful* I did not tell you before that my physicians had used an iron mine on me. *Such was the case. Two weeks ago I was so weak that I could barely walk across the floor. The other day I walked three miles!*" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, *sent free*. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

— The winter palace at Pekin, China, has been robbed, the gang of thieves carrying off massive bronze or copper chairs, plated heavily with gold, several tons in weight.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY DISEASES.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters. They will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

— In Philadelphia, it is a common practice to take children to the gasworks to be treated for whooping cough.

VEGETINE.—It extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing with its foundation; correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, enriching the blood, formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving Nature to perform its allotted task.

—Baltimore is a heavy recipient at the present time of foreign immigration.

☞ Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DIS

POULTRY.

...o amount 1,600 lbs, mixed lots 12c, but tur... separately not over 12½c.

...few late sales on Wednesday at Brighton ...rds. The bulk of the trade was for milch ... and store cattle, with a fair trade. We ... there were only eight carloads of stock on ...country train that met with the accident, ...h arrived late yesterday afternoon.
...H. Coolidge & Son sold 1 full blooded Jer... ...ow at $70; 2 Jerseys at $110; 2 new milch ... and calves at $35 each; 2 at $45 each. ...Connell sold 1 springer at $39.50; 2 new ... cows at $40@$35.
...F. Bathell sold 10 oxen to dress from 900 to ...lbs at 9½@11c D. W.
...by & Son, 6 choice new milch cows for ...
...McNeal, 1 new milch cow $45.
...D. Hosmer sold 1 pair working oxen, girth ...in, weighing 2600 lbs, at $112; 1 pair 7½ ... 3000 lbs, at $135.
...Leavitt & Son sold 2 Western cattle, average ...lbs, at 7½c live.
...ch & Esmes sold 6 cattle, ave age 1070 lbs, ...c live.

ALBANY CATTLE MARKET.

...eves.—The prices asked in all cases as ...e the views of buyers, but they usually pu... sparingly in order to supply their retail ... The best sales have again touched 8c ... full loads. Several loads brought 8c ... hile no native cattle were sold below 7c ... to fair Cherokees found ready sale at 6... , while nothing in the shape of cattle was ...poor to command more than 5½@6c.
...tes.—Premium, $7 62@8 23; extra, $7 12 ...2; first quality, $6 62@7 12; second quality, ...@6 62; third quality, $4 52@5 62; inferior, ...@4 62.
...ich Cows.—The supply on sale here was ... and a limited demand existing the busi... ...ss attracted but little attention, the sales ... small and only in retail way. Prices con... about steady at $35@55 for common to ... milk rs.
...eep and Lambs.—The range on first to ...weight clipped sheep was from 6½@7c ... hile on the few loads of wool sheep sold ... sale, 8@9c was the range. Yearlings ...not met with are held and are nominally ...rged. The market closed fairly steady at ...following quota ions: Clipped sheep, com... to fair, 5½@6½c; fair to good, 6½@7c, and ... 7@7½c ₱ lb. Wool sheep, 7c@8c ₱ lb ...od to extra. Yearling sh eep, 6½@7½c ₱ ...sheared, 8@9c per lb.—*Albany Journal.*

BOSTON EGG MARKET.

...het very firm and the demand has been ... We quote fresh Eastern at 17c; Northern ...; Canada at 17c, and Western at 16@... dozen.

...INCY MARKET, BOSTON.

Retail Prices.

...ed expressly for the Ploughman...for the week ending May 13th.

BEEF, &c.

Steak, b...	28@30	Beef Liver.....	8@10
Steak.....	25@28	Beef Tongue.....	8@10
Steak.....	18@22	Corned Beef.....	9@10
Steak.....	18@22	Smoked Beef.....	10@12
...&c.....	10@15	Beef Tongue, sm...	10@14

Pork, Lard, &c.

...Pork, ₱ b	12@13	Smoked Sheuld's	11@12
...alt Strips	12@13	Smoked Ribs.....	10@11
...Ham.....	14 @15	Sausages.....	12@13
...Shoulders	9@11	Pigs' Feet.....	6@8
...ard.....	11@12	Lard, leaf.....	12@14

Veal and Mutton.

...(.....	14@15	Mutton, ₱ b.....	11@13
...oulder...	10@12	Mutton, should's.	10@12
...₱ b.....	13@15	Sp'g Lamb, b.....	12@15

Poultry, Game, &c.

...b.....	15 @ 20	Pigeons, wild,	
...Spring	33 @ 50	...doz...	150@200
...owls..	18 @ 20	Philadel. squabs	4@5 per
...reen	20 @ 25	Widgeon, plain	50@60
...Mong'l	25 @ 30	Teal, ₱ pair...	75@
...wild....	@	Snipe, dozen...	300@350
...ens	30@35	Peep, dozen...	50@60
......	150@170	Brant, ₱ pair.	120@200
...lk, pr	1 00@1 25	Yellow Legs, doz	400
...r doz..	@	Plover, dozen.	200
...pr....	@ 100	Rabbits, each...	@ 15
...ese....	@	Venison, ₱ lb.	@ 12
...easants,	@	Antelope ...	@
...pr....	@ 500	Pigs, roasting.	@ 300
...ucks Back, ₱ pr	@	...ucks	@ 200
...stall fed	@	...ese	@ 200

Butter, Cheese and &c.

BUTTER.		Fair to good do	12@17
...Tub's....	32@35	Farm	11@14
...rolls....	30@32	EGGS.	
...Small do	30@32	Cape Ann.....	23
CHEESE.		Eastern	23
...Factory..	@16	Northern.....	20@
		Western.....	19

Fruit and Vegetables.

...peck. 75	@1 00	Tomatoes, lb.	@ 60
...Do. Red'ts, qt	@	Do. Sprout'ns, qt	@ 10
...nap'ps 6@8	@ 10	Tomatoes, hd.s	15@ 20
...ns....	@ 60	Citrons, each..	@
...v b.....	@ 75	VEGETABLES.	
		Potatoes, bush	225@ 1 50
...doz....	@	Sweet Pot's, ₱	@ 1
...toes, ₱b.	@	Turnips, peck.	@ 75
		Beets, bush..	75@1 25
...d, ₱	@	Beans—	@
...ches, bx	@	White, dry, pk	87 @ 1 00
...ches, bx	@	Lims, quart.	@ 20
...mbos 4 @5	@ 20	Cabbages....	@ 5
...Box 3	@ 75	Carrots, peck..	@ 40
		Parsnips, pk....	@ 40
...ns, doz..	@	Onions, per pk..	@ 40
...ns....	@ 75	Cauliflowers ..	@ 60
...ns....	@	Celery, ₱ root .	@
...ns....	@ 75	Lettuce, ₱ head	@ 10
...ns, ₱ b.	@ 50	Squashes—	@
...ns....	@ 75	Hubbard's..	@ 7
...doz....	@ 75	Marrow, b..	@ 7
...s, doz..	@ 60	Turban.....	@
...ns....	@ 75	Cucumbers...	@ 15
...berries,	@	Egg Plants, new	@
...ns....	@ 10	Herbs, gr'n, b'h	@
...ches, pk	150@ 2 00	Pickling gallons	@
...ns....	@	Cucumbers ..	@ 75
...ns, ₱b.	@ 90	Marrows....	@
...ns....	@	Lemons.....	@
...on, ₱ Bermuda	@1 00	Lychesse Nuts,	@
...ns....	@	Imp, box.....	@
...ns, per bunch, native	@	Oranges, doz..	@
		Rhubarb, b..	@ 15
...ns....	@	Artichokes, pk	@
...ns....	@		
...ns, native, per dozen	@		
...ns....	@		
...ns, California, dozen	@		
...ns....	@		
...ns, ₱ peck	@		
...ns....	@		
...orn, dozen	@		
...ns....	@		
...ries, quart	@		
...ns....	@		
...ns....	@		
...ns, natives, per bush	@		
...ns....	@		
...ns....	@		
...ns, per bunch	@		
...ns....	@		
...ns....	@		
...ns....

The Poet's Corner.

AN ANGLER'S REVEILLE.

Old Winter is gone and young Spring now comes tripping;
Sweet flowers are springing wherever she treads,
While the bee, hovering o'er them, keeps humming and sipping,
And birds sing her welcome in woodlands and meads.
The snow wreath no more on the hillside is lying;
The leaf buds are bursting, bright green, on each tree;
Ho, anglers! arouse ye! the streams are worth trying;
Fit your rods and away to the fishing with me.

Haste away! haste away, for the south wind is blowing,
And rippling so gently the face of the stream,
Which neither too full nor too fine yet is flowing—
Now clouded, now bright with a sunshiny gleam.
At the foot of the fall where the bright trouts are leaping,
In the stream where the current is rapid and strong,
Or just by the bank, where the skeggers seem sleeping,
Then throw your fly lightly, and you cannot throw wrong.

There's joy in the chase, over hedge and ditch flying;
'Tis pleasing to bring down the grouse on the tell—
The partridge to bag, through the low stubble trying
The pheasant to shoot as he flies through the dell;
But what are such joys to the pleasure of straying
By the side of a stream, a long line casting free,
The salmon and trout with a neat fly betraying?—
Fit your rods and away to the fishing with me!

To awaken the milkmaid the cock is yet crowing—
She was out late last night with her lover I swear—
To be milked yet the cows in the cow-field are lowing;
We'll be at our sport ere young Nelly be there!
The weather is prime and the stream in good order;
Arouse ye, then, anglers! wherever you be,—
In Scotland, in Ireland, in Wales, on the border,
Fit your rods and away to the fishing with me!

Ladies' Department.

THE RED STAMP.

A TRAGDEY OF THE POST-OFFICE?

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

The Calverlys lived in a charming house on Commonwealth avenue, in Boston. And here they seemed to have everything that heart could desire—a house lately built, with all the new notions, small windowpanes in some of the rooms, for those who liked the Queen Anne style, and large plateglass in the breakfast-room, to please the fashion of the family where the eat there to read his morning newspaper.

The family, too, had all the advantages. Mr. Calverly was a successful merchant, and his sons promised to get on in the world. All came out well balanced in political affairs, too. Mr. Calverly was a Republican, his oldest son, the only one in politics, was a Democrat.

So, in the State elections, Mr. Calverly had it his own way. The Republican governo he voted for was always chosen; the family hung out the national flag over the front door, and some of the officials were invited to dinner.

In the city elections, Frank Calverly took his turn. He voted for the Democratic ticket, which usually prevailed. He hung out the national flag again over the porch, and invited the victorious members of his party to dinner.

So there was somebody always ratified either way. It was a house that people liked to go to; pleasant, social looking parlors; Mrs. Calverly embroidering a tablecloth in the front room; Clara, the only daughter, floating about here and there, receiving company, in the little room over the front door, or busy there with her sketching, and paints scattered over the round table.

The sons, too, promised well. George was in business with his father, and the second boy had just graduated from the Schools of Technology with all the honors; just now he was busy with a treatise that was to lead to practical advantage. He was studying the *Spongilla Pegaminois* that had given such an uncappy flavor to the water provided for the city. He had a mechanical turn, and had invented some collapsing screens, fitted to be placed in the mouths and pipes, that should bring the *Spongilla* into the basins and bath-tubs of the citizens, in gross, and here it could be used as sponges for bathing purposes, instead of remaining in the bottom of Farm Pond, tainting the water. The matter of statistics was troubling him. What should each artisan be charged by the city for the use of the sponges, when the druggist asks seven dollars for a moderate-sized sponge?

This treatise would certainly bring his name before the public, and Mr. Calverly was naturally gratified at his son's prospects.

Thus everything seemed to smile upon the family, income secure, and children that enjoyed it, money to spend, and wit enough to know how to spend it.

But there was a bitter drop in this cup of happiness, a dark streak that shaded the family sunlight. Mrs. Calverly called it her husband's mania, and tried to smile over it, and all the family endeavored to make light of it, while each member did in a measure sympathize with him on the exciting point. It came up at every meal, it haunted him at his desk, his fireside.

It had rested a little while, but one day it appeared again at dinner, when Mr. Bradshaw, an English gentleman traveling in this country, had been invited to meet a few friends. He was, indeed, planning to come and live in "the States," as he termed it, and Mr. Calverly was glad to show him what were the advantages of Boston. Of course, Mr. Bradshaw very soon began to extol the free institutions of the country, a free government, education free, the ballot free. Mr. Calverly interrupted him, bringing his closed fist on the table with such force that all the glasses rang, and the family knew that the subject was loose once more.

"Free!" he exclaimed, "a free government? Despotic in one point, let me tell you! And it eats the heart out of domestic happiness. Yes, we educate our children, we can vote for our governor, but, do what we will, in spite of this the government claims the right to snatch a letter from me, and keep it three weeks, merely because a careless clerk in somebody else's office, over whom I have no control, has seen fit to put on a red two-cent stamp, instead of a green three-cent one."

"I beg your pardon! What is it?" asked Mr. Bradshaw, too much taken up with his host's vehemence to comprehend the close of his sentence, "What is it about a stamp? I remember a stamp act was at the bottom of the separation of the colonies. But now—"

"But now," said Mr. Calverly, with bitterness, "now the red stamp will separate me from my country, will drive me to some other part of the world, no matter where."

"The red stamp?" asked Mr. Bradshaw of his neighbor, Miss Clara.

"My letters are delayed," Mr. Calverly went on, "important letters that affect stocks, my income, family affairs; they are delayed and sent to the District of Columbia, because some fool chose to be forgetful enough to put on a red stamp instead of a green one."

"By a red stamp he means the orange-colored ones," explained Clara; "they are two-cent stamps, the green ones are three-cent."

"Ah, but, indeed," stammered Mr. Bradshaw, "there should be some distinction, you know."

"All very well," said Mr. Calverly, "but why not mark the letter 'Due,' one cent, five cents, whatever fine the government seen fit to impose for such carelessness; but why abstract a letter from the post-office that the government is bound to deliver? The government becomes its own mail-burglar, filches the property of its citizens."

"But surely the cases must be rare," began the Englishman.

"Rare!" exclaimed Mr. Calverly: "if you will step into my office, I will show you the large volume of cases I am collecting, not merely from my own family's experience, but from business correspondents. It was only yesterday a letter turned up for me from the District of Columbia. Two days before, we had received a notification of a letter for 'Calverly & Co.,' awaiting sufficient payment at Washington. We sent on the three-cent stamp, and recovered the letter—too late. I lost $10,000 because an idiot in New York, a fortnight ago, took up a two-cent stamp by mistake for a three-cent one. I would willingly have paid what the government considered due, the six cents for Washington, for example, plus the original two-cent stamp. But I do not see that it has a right to demand a sacrifice of $10,000 on account of an idiot clerk whom I did not appoint."

"You ought to say, papa," put in Clara, "that the same mistake has been made in your own office."

"Oh, yes, there are idiots everywhere," allowed Mr. Calverly, "and the government is very considerate towards them. The fact that I have such in my own office, where I keep such careful oversight, shows the necessity of change of law. My own oversight benefits other people more than myself. Last year, I established the law that only three cent stamps, or over, should be used in my office. No red stamps were permitted."

"That was an extensive reform," said Mr. Bradshaw.

"In more ways than one," exclaimed Mr. Calverly, "it cost one of my sons a position. He applied for a place in the office of an old friend, written applications were required. Jack did not get the place. I don't often see my friend; but met him not long afterward, and asked how it was he overlooked my boy. 'Ah, I remember,' he said, 'an admirable letter, he wrote, admirable, and your recommendation would have carried the day, but, I will tell you, your boy stamped his letter with a green stamp, when a two cent stamp would have answered. That looked extravagant to me, I could not afford such a thing, I have to be more economical on stamps in my office.' We were both too busy to explain, and, indeed, it was too late."

"The way I manage," said Mr. Ireton, an old family friend, "I happen to have a friend at court, a clerk in the post office, who happens to have been in my employment formerly, and he knows our handwriting, my son Louis's and mine, and he sends back to us some of those letters, red stamped, by mistake."

"I am going to Mexico," said Mr. Calverly, "I suppose there are no mail privileges at all there. Every mail is probably examined by brigands. I should like that better. I should not expect anything by mail. I should gather my family about me, and ask for nothing from outside."

Mr. Bradshaw looked at Clara and Mrs. Calverly questioningly, "Surely, Mr. Calverly is not serious?" he asked, "you ladies do not sympathize with him?"

"I am one of the sufferers, at this very moment," Mrs. Calverly answered, "my sister-in-law wrote me a note a week ago, telling me that I could take her day, at Madame Leonie's, in her place, a great boon, (for she is a dressmaker sought for by everybody.) My own bad disappointed me, (she is down with typhoid fever, my dressmaker is) I never got the note, but yesterday I had a missive from Washington, stating that a letter addressed to me was awaiting a green stamp. I suppose it was my sister's note, I saw her (too late) afterwards, and she remembered that she meant to have mailed it at the Albany Station, but forgot it. She was going out to dine with a friend in Brookline, and without thinking, slipped it into the postoffice box there, which is very handy in the station, but postage from there is three cents per half ounce. So I have lost my black velvet suit this winter, for Madame Leonie has not another day."

Mr. Bradshaw could not help smiling.

"It seems amusing to you," said Clara, "but I assure you, we all take up papa's mania, and each one of us have our little grievances. You would, doubtless, find his book very entertaining, but it is tragic."

By this time, the party had adjourned from the dining-room, but Mrs. Calverly and Clara continued to tell "our story."

"There is Mrs. Prince, a friend of Clara's, she lives at Exton Mills," said Mrs. Calverly, introducing friend, "and the amount she has to suffer is absurd. Exton Mills is just on the edge of Dorchester, but the postoffice is in Milton, and everybody thinks they are in Dorchester, which is a part of Boston now, and red stamps would answer there, and there is a regular flow of letters to and from Washington."

"I know it," said Mrs. Bruce, "this very last week, a breakfast cap, sent for a birthday present, came tumbling in from the District of Columbia, having travelled back and forth, waiting for its green stamps; the birthday was over long ago, the cap came tumbling and tumbled," said Mrs. Calverly, "there was much left of it."

Mr. Bradshaw still failed to see anything but the humorous side of it. Louis Ireton came in, the son of the "family friend." When he was not there at dinner, he usually did come, in the evening.

"Do come here, Louis," cried Clara, "here is Mr. Bradshaw, a little inclined to take your side in the "red stamp' question. He makes fun of it."

"I must say," said Mr. Bradshaw, "that this is but a small blot on "the freest government in the world.' If this is all the complaint you can make, I shall not object to casting my lot here."

"It is troublesome enough," said Louis, who usually took the other side, but was ready to differ from the Englishman; "It is a perfectly ridiculous distinction. But I don't know that it is worth moving to Mexico for."

Louis Ireton was one of the *habitues* of the household. Aunts and cousins wondered he had not married Clara before now. There seemed no objection, except that he wouldn't know what to do with its evenings. Perhaps, indeed, the fact that he was always very comfortable at the Calverly's had made him more unconscious of any necessity for making any changes.

But now there was this Mexico plan, looking more and more possible, and there was this Englishman, who evidently admired Clara Calverly very much, and Clara appeared to like to talk with him.

Mr. Bradshaw did admire Miss Calverly. She had the ease and freedom supposed in the typical American girl, but she had not the forwardness. She allowed her mother to talk, and he had supposed that American girls suppressed their mothers; and Mrs. Calverly talked very well. It was a pleasant thought that Clara looked like her mother, and that her fragile beauty might ripen into something as charming.

Louis Ireton saw all this admiration, and abused himself for the nonchalance of the last year or two. Why had he not spoken to Clara before? If the matter could only have been arranged last summer, Mr. Calverly would have given Louis the charge of Mexico plan. What an idiot he had been!

He tried to get a chance to speak to Clara that very evening. But there was music, Clara at the piano, and Mr. Bradshaw selecting her songs. And Clara was going the next day for a visit of a few days only, just out of town. He knew Mrs. Bruce, and could visit Clara there. But Mr. Bradshaw now knew Mrs. Bruce, too; he was at that moment talking with her, and accepting her invitation to come and call while Clara should be staying with her.

Louis was exasperated. What business had she to ask this Englishman, whom nobody knew anything about, to come and see her?

At the last moment, he did get a chance to speak to Clara; not a very good chance, for there was Oscar Calverly close by, picking up the counters of a game they had been playing, and could tell how much he was listening.

"There's something I want to say to you," he managed to say.

"You'll come out to Carrie's, of course," said Clara.

"Yes, but I can't come to-morrow night," he answered. "There's that plaguy meeting I must go to at Frank's. But I'll write you."

"All right," said Clara, with a deep flush in her cheek. She watched him as he went down the stairs. He did not turn back. She did not think she should ever see him again, yet she hurried forward to see his very last turn on the stairs. Her head was a little dizzy, she hardly understood what Mr. Bradshaw was saying to her.

Her mother noticed she was looking pale, when their guests had gone, and she said: "You look tired, do go to bed, Clara, you'll have all your packing to do in the morning."

That very evening Louis wrote his letter; that is, he wrote two or three long ones, and then he burned them up. In them he had devoted more than a page to giving his opinion of Mr. Bradshaw. But he decided these were not the point, and determined upon a shorter one. He scarcely believed any note was necessary, he wrote. Clara must know what he meant and felt. But perhaps that was the trouble, perhaps he had seen too much of him, really to care for him. She was so used to him that there was no novelty about him, as there might be about the Englishman—but no, he had determined Mr. Bradshaw should not get into this note, so he scratched out "Englishman," and put "somebody else." He begged Clara to answer him directly. If the answer was to be "no," the fewer words the better, and the quicker. Of course it was not her fault, if she could not love him, it was his, and she needn't apologize. He would rather not have her sorry for him, and she need not say so.

He mailed the note that very night. He had previously calculated when he could have an answer. She would receive it before noon, the next day, and could get an answer to him by the last afternoon mail. But this would be very close; she might not be able to send off a letter to the post-office that afternoon. But then she might send an answer by one of her brothers, Jack or Ned, who would very likely be there spending the evening. So all that afternoon there was some hope of a letter. Nothing came by the late mail at the post-office. He hurried home from the "meeting at Frank's," no one had left any letter for him. He passed a sleepless night, not a hopeless one. It was encouraging that a direct answer had not come.

He dallied over his breakfast, the next morning. He usually reached his desk in his father's office in time for the delivery there of the morning's mail. He would not be any earlier than his time, and he left word for letters delivered later at the house to be sent to him.

He hurried through the outer office, when, at last he reached it, asking if the mail had come.

"Yes, you will find it on your desk; Jack Calverly has been in."

Yes, on top of the mailed letters was one without a stamp, addressed in Clara's handwriting. He opened it with trembling hands. It contained his own letter to her. A paper-knife had been passed through the upper part of the envelope. It had been read and returned.

Yes, that was her way of answering him, without comment, as he had requested. It was all over. He was leaning with his head on his hand, a little dizzy, as if the turning of the world had suddenly stopped, when one of the old clerks of the office came in, and addressed him, lifting his left hand to his head, where his cap would have been, if not in his right hand.

"Those letters, Mr. Louis," he said. "The vessel sails this afternoon, at three o'clock."

"Oh, yes, for Australia," said Louis, rousing himself, "this afternoon—but I am going myself, you know, and can write the letters on the way. You can just step down and see that the stateroom that I saw yesterday is cleaned out for me, and tell the captain I shall be there in season. I will go and speak to my father."

Louis went into his father's private room, and announced to him that he was going to Australia that afternoon. His father was astounded, but Louis attempted an explanation:

"It is Clara. I have an understanding with her. I suppose she will marry Mr. Bradshaw, and I don't want to stay and see it."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," repeated Mr. Ireton, "but I have always wanted you to go to Australia, only I wish you could have taken Clara too. It's sad. I suppose it can't be helped."

Louis thought it couldn't, and Mr. Ireton went back to the house with him to help about his packing, and give him business advice on the way.

"You'll have to write it down," said Louis, "I can't say I understood a word you say now, but I shall have nothing but business when I get off." . . . .

The Calverly family were in equal commotion. Mr. Calverly decided that day to go to Mexico. He received from Washington a letter sent for (delayed some days for postage), from an old friend, who had asked of him some little money help as well as counsel in his money affairs. The friend had written the letter in distraction, and put on the only stamp at hand, not noticing it was a red stamp. He wrote from Lowell. He had received no answer from Mr. Calverly, his last hope, and had blown his brains out.

The delayed letter from Washington showed his distracted state of mind; had Mr. Calverly received it he might—he would—have relied on him.

"We may well go to Mexico first as last," he said, "we may be all shot on our way, but better that, than seeing our friends die about us." This was the news that came to Clara the second day of her visit. She, poor girl, had passed a morning of anxiety, for she had gone to the two post offices, at Exton Mills, and at Mattapan, and had no letter from Louis. Mr. Bradshaw had called in the evening, but she decided he was vapid, he could talk of nothing but of joining the "red stamp party," as he called it. He had lost an invitation to dinner, because his friend had carried it in his pocket, and thoughtlessly mailed it from Milton. "An invitation to dinner, Miss Clara," he exclaimed, "received a week after the dinner is eaten."

Then had come Mrs. Calverly, the next morning, with the Mexican plan—still no letter from Louis. And later, came Mr. Bradshaw again with the news that Louis Ireton had sailed for Australia that afternoon.

"I went down to bid him good-bye," said Mr. Bradshaw, "but the ship had already left this morning.

Gone! Louis gone—and no letter for her. Now she regretted she had not given Jack a message for him. Jack had told her he was going into the Ireton's counting room to inquire about Australian stamps. She had thought of asking him to inquire of Louis if he had a letter for her. Could any letter have miscarried? Perhaps it might yet come from Washington, delayed for postage. Louis probably meant to tell her of his intended trip to Australia.

Meanwhile Louis was making his long, weary voyage to Australia. Day after day he passed in a dazed state, taking no thought, or going over and over the last few months of his life, with regret in one, or that in the past. The day before he was to reach the port of his destination, and not till then, he took out the letters his father had given him, and the business notes written out for him to act upon on arrival. Among them appeared his enclosed note to Clara in its envelope. It gave him a shudder as he took it out. He had been wondering if any word of his could have wounded her, and he set himself to reading it over again.

But as he held it in his hand, he suddenly noticed that the red stamp of his own envelope was still uncancelled! It had never passed through the post-office! It had never been mailed! It had never reached its destination!

Exton Mills, he exclaimed, "and a two cent stamp!" the fatal red stamp!"

He started up. Had his note never reached her? He looked again at its enclosure, at the envelope in which it had been returned.

"That is old Ned Hasting's handwriting," he exclaimed; "it never was Clara's. Why did I not recognize it?"

I must here confess that Clara wrote one of those slanting, backward hands that look as if written with the left hand—very clear and legible; but they are apt to look all alike. Hers was somewhat masculine. Her father had prided himself upon its manly clearness.

"Clara did not write it," Louis exclaimed again. "Ned sent it back from the post-office on account of its red stamp! and I, what a fool, what an idiot I was to put a red stamp on a letter for Exton Mills!"

A new life inspired him—or was he too late? In all these weeks of his dreary voyage, what might not have passed? Still he would do nothing but hope. He would send a telegram the moment he landed. He would take the very next steamer home on whatever line that would soonest carry him. And now the last day of the voyage seemed longer than any that had preceded it! He found by inquiry that there would be a steamer to leave on the day after their arrival.

Louis could scarcely find time to inquire for letters or telegrams, so eager was he to arrange for his departure, directly after he landed.

But he found a pile of telegrams awaiting him, and some letters and papers that had made their way quickly by overland mail. He opened the latest telegram of all, but could not understand its references, and he turned back to the earlier ones, to take them in order, with difficulty finding the earliest. One said, "It is only too true—Clara died of the terrible shock!" Others referred to the papers. The earliest of all told of the decision of the Calverlys to go to Mexico. Mr. Bradshaw had accompanied them to New Orleans.

In another it was reported that Mr. Bradshaw had returned. At last he found the intelligence that Mr. Calverly's prognostics had been too fatally realized. He was "examined by brigands." He had been killed as he and his family were crossing the plains of Mexico—he, the only male passenger. They had been attacked by brigands, the report having been spread that a rich merchant was travelling with a vast sum of money. Mr. Calver y had been killed in his attempt to defend himself, the lives of the rest of the travellers had been spared, and the wife and daughter had taken refuge in a convent.

Later despatches announced that the daughter had died, worn down by fever, and the excitement of the terrible scenes. The letters and the papers had more details of the events that had but just occurred when the letters were written. "Mr. Calverly's sons are distracted, and regret bitterly that they had not accompanied their father. They have already left to bring home their mother."

Louis's servant came in to find his master still holding the fatal papers in his hand. He came to announce that a steamer was to leave that very afternoon. Louis could give him no directions, could yield only to his arrangements, and attempted no explanation to his father's partners in business, for his sudden return. On his way home he took his path of duty really and actually lay. And it was at this critical moment that she heard the nasal, monotonous voice of her mother-in-law downstairs talking to her husband, and uttering the sentence which opens our sketch.

"She ain't the same sort as your first wife, Henry," said Mrs. Perry, Sr. "And she never will be, let her try as hard as she will. She hasn't got the faculty, you see."

She lay there quite still and quiet, with closed eyes. She never opened them when Henry Perry himself tiptoed into the room, and, believing her asleep, tiptoed out again, muttering to himself:

"Poor little daisy, she is entirely done up!"

The next morning, however, Alice rose and dressed herself with care.

"Bless me," said Mrs. Perry, Sr., "where are you going, Alice?"

"To the village," answered Alice.

"What for?" cross-questioned the elder matron.

"To engage a dressmaker and seamstress first," said Mrs. Perry, Jr., "and to get a strong girl to do the housework, next."

"A girl!" screamed the old lady, "Dorothy never——"

"No," said Alice; "I know she never kept a servant. But Dorothy cleaned and churned and sewed herself out of the world. I've no intention of settling my own career in that sort of a way. I find that I can't do the work of this farm myself without breaking down my health, and shutting myself out of the world of books and science. I do not think my husband desires such a sacrifice ——"

"Of course I don't," said Henry promptly. "The house has been as lonely as a convent since you buried yourself in the kitchen and dairy. I married you for a companion, not a drudge. Have half a dozen servants, if you like Alice, only let us have books and music and pleasant wood-lawn walks again."

"Thank you, dearest," said Alice, as she kissed his forehead.

Mrs. Perry, Sr., rolled up her eyes and clasped her hands, and declared *sotto voce* she didn't know what this world was coming to.

Mrs. Bonney was feeding chickens at her own door when Alice Perry returned from her walk to the village.

"Are you better?" asked this young red republican, smiling cordially.

"Thanks!" Alice answered, "I am much better. I have just engaged a sewing woman and a stout Swedish servant girl to do the housework at the farm. I am no longer ambitious to do as Dorothy did."

And Mrs. Bonney waved her sunbonnet in the air, and exclaimed:

"Bravo! There will be no third Mrs. Perry, after all."

And her words were prophetic.—*Rural Press.*

TO KEEP A HUSBAND.

Says a woman: We hear much about the art of winning a husband. Let us take a step further, and make a study out of keeping a husband. If he is worth winning, he is worth keeping.

This is a wicked world, and man is dreadfully mortal. Let us take him just as he is, not as he ought to be. In the first place, he is very weak. The wife must spend the first two years in discovering all these weaknesses, count them on her fingers, and learn them by heart. The fingers of both hands will not be too many. Then let her study up these weaknesses, a mesh for every one, and the secret is hers. Is he fond of a good dinner? Let her lighten the mess around him with fragrant coffee, light bread, and good things generally, and reach his heart through his stomach. Is he fond of flattery about his looks? Let her study the dictionary for sweet words if her supply gives out. Does he like to hear her talk about his brilliant intellect? Let her pore over the encyclopædia to give variety to the depth of her admiration. Flattery is a good thing to study at all hazards, in its delicate shades; but it must be skilfully done. The harpy who may try to coax him away will not do it absurdly.

Is he fond of beauty? Here's the rub—let her be bright and tidy; that is half the victory. Next, let her bang her hair, (metaphorically) and keep up with the times. A husband who sees his wife like other people is not going to consider her "broken down." Though it is a common sneer that a woman has admitted that her sex considers more, in marrying, the tastes of her friends than her own, yet it must not be considered ludicrous that a man looks at his wife with the same eyes that other people do. Is he fond of literary matter? Listen to him with wide open eyes when he talks of them. A man doesn't care so much for a literary wife if only she be literary enough to appreciate him. If he have literary inclinations, let her keep them to herself.

Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman's none. Cultivate helplessness. Is he curious? Oh, men always have a treasure; you can always keep him if you have a secret and only keep it carefully. Is he jealous? Then, woman, this is not for you; cease reading; cease torturing that fretted heart which wants you all for his own, and teach him confidence. Is he ugly in temper and fault-finding? Give him a dose of his own medicine, skilfully done. Is he deceitful? Pity him for his weakness, treat him as one who is born with a physical defect, but put your wits to work—it is a bad case. It is well not to be too tame. Men do not waste their powder and shot on hens and barnyard fowls; they like the pleasure of pursuing wild game—quails and grouse, and deer.

A quail is a good model for a wife—neat and trim, with a pretty, swift way about it, and just a little capricious. Never let yourself become an old story; be just a little uncertain. Another important fact is, don't be too good; it hurts his feelings and becomes monotonous. Cultivate a pleasant voice, so that in the very sweetest way he may have his conscience prick him when he is in jeopardy; its pleasant ring will haunt him much more than a shrill one. It is hard to do all this, besides taking care of the babies, and looking after vexatious household cares, and smiling when he comes home; but it seems necessary.

"To be born a woman is to be born a martyr," says a husband who for ten years has watched in amazement his wife treading the wine press of existence. It is a pitiful sight to some men. But if the wife does not make a study of these things the harpy will, to steal away the honor from his silvery hairs when he is full of years and the father of sons and daughters.

At the same time, gudewife, keep from trying any of these things on any other mortal man but your own. These rules are only evolved in order to "keep a husband." The poor, weak creature would rather be good than bad, and it is woman's duty to help him by every means in her power.

ADJUSTMENT TO DEATH.

For my own part, I have long striven to adjust my mind, if I may so express myself, to this great event of death. I do not say that I have succeeded. But this is what I am disposed to say, as the result of my present thinking. Let us see each death, more than we do, as coming under the general ordinance. Should it seem a strange or shocking thing that one dieth? Why, all men are dying. It is a tale of ages; it is the experience of thousands this hour; even while I have been speaking, thousands have departed from this life; it is what shall soon be your lot and mine; it shall in a few years sweep away the whole living generation. That great course of nature, that transition which is passing upon the whole living universe, should it be a shock, a catastrophe as it were, to rend the world? Ought it to be so, that distress and agony should wait around this great, all-comprehending ordinance of divine wisdom? Would the good God have appointed it, if it had been for anything but good? If it be good, should we reject it? And, if it were evil, can we resist it? Even then would I yield to no unmanly weakness. Even then would I welcome the Stoic's firmness or the skeptic's apathy. If I could say nothing better when the hour came, I would say with Mirabeau to his surrounding friends, "to-day, I shall die; nothing remains but to be enveloped with perfumes, to be crowned with flowers, to be surrounded with music, and so to enter peaceably into the eternal sleep." But—thanks be to God! for us, believers, there is a better hope. In that better hope, shame were it for us, if we have not a better calmness, a better courage. When others die, then, let us still feel that we may hold them dear, and hold them for our own, in the great faith of God and immortality. And, when our time is come, let us calmly wrap the mantle of death about us, and say, in the words of our great master and forerunner: "Father, the hour is come; and we come to thee. To thee, all goodness, all wisdom, to thee, O thou infinitude of life and love, we come; and in peace, in prayer, and in faith, yield ourselves to thy will."—*Orville Dewey.*

☞ Extract from a forthcoming society novel: "Augustus approached his divinity with his heart in his mouth—which, considering that he intended to lay it at her feet, was perhaps as convenient a place in which to put it temporarily as he could have easily selected.

Historical.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

MORSE'S AMERICAN GAZETTEER.

BY W. S. HARRIS.

Jedediah Morse, D. D., long pastor of the First Congregational Church in Charlestown, Mass., the father of Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse (the inventor of the telegraph), is noted as being the father also of American geography. In 1784 he perpared a small school geography, which was the first work of the kind ever published in this country. This was followed by various editions, both enlarged and elementary, and other works of a similar character, and Morse's geographies were for many years the standard works on this branch of science, being studied in all the schools. We have before us a copy of the fourteenth edition of his "Geography Made Easy, an Abridgement of the American Universal Geography," published at Boston in 1811.

In 1797 Dr. Morse published a work of very great value and interest, entitled "The American Gazetteer," a book of large size, embellished with seven maps, and filled with very full descriptions of, and information concerning, the various physical and political features and divisions of the new world. This was printed in Boston. In 1802 a "Gazetteer of the Eastern Hemisphere" was published, a companion volume to the first one—a still larger work, containing eighteen maps—printed in Charlestown. A second edition of the American Gazetteer was issued in 1804. This work of Dr. Morse's is of great interest at the present time, as showing the condition of our country eighty or ninety years ago, and enabling us by comparison to see the wonderful growth of all parts of it since that time. A few extracts from the first edition of the American Gazetteer can not fail to be of interest to some readers of the *Ploughman*.

The number of inhabitants in the several States, towns, and other divisions is given according to the census of 1790, and it is perfectly astonishing in some cases to compare the population and condition at that time with the present size and state, showing often the most wonderful growth and change in the ninety years. The total population of the United States in 1790 was less than four millions, not one-twelfth of the present number. Of these four millions nearly 700,000 were slaves. Massachusetts was the only State in which slavery had been abolished.

But the United States of 1797 covered but a small territory compared with our grand country at the present time. It was bounded "south by East and West Florida, and west by the river Mississippi." Nearly all the vast extent of country west of that river was an unknown wilderness. Florida, which extended in a narrow strip west to the Mississippi, was owned by Spain. The fertile and thickly settled plains extending from Pennsylvania west to the river and now forming five large and prosperous States with their scores of large cities and network of railroad was then included under the name of the North-Western Territory, and was almost wholly unsettled except at "D'Etroit" and a few points on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, the entire white population of the territory being (by estimate in 1790) less than 8000.

The Union consisted in 1797 of but sixteen States, only Vermont, Kentucky and Tennessee having been added to the original thirteen. Georgia extended west to the Mississippi, its western part being known by the name of Georgia Western Territory. One can hardly repress a smile on reading the list of "the principal mountains in the United States," which are said to be "Agamenticus in Maine, (an insignificant hill comparatively); the White Mountains and Monadnock in New Hampshire; Wachusett in Massachusetts; the Green Mountains in Vermont; and the Alleghany Mountains, about 900 miles in length, and from 150 to 250 in breadth."

The seat of national government was still at Philadelphia, but the city of Washington in the "Territory of Columbia" on the "river Patowmack" had been laid out and was being rapidly built up, it being expected that it would "grow up with a degree of rapidity hitherto unparalleled in the annals of cities." Perhaps it has fulfilled this prophecy, but what would good old Dr. Morse say to the growth of Chicago, San Francisco, Denver, and other cities of the west in a more recent period of our country's history?

New York City in 1790 contained 33,000 inhabitants but in 1796 its population was estimated at about 70,000. The description states that "the length of the city on East river is upwards of two miles, and rapidly increasing, but falls short of that distance on the banks of the Hudson. Its breadth on an average is about a mile; and its circumference four or five miles." * * * "The most magnificent edifice in this city is Federal Hall, situated at the head of Broad street, where its front appears to great advantage, in which is a gallery twelve feet deep, guarded by an elegant iron railing." In this gallery Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States. The number of churches of all kinds was twenty-two. The present number is between four and five hundred; surely the provision for the spiritual wants of the people has increased with the population. "A want of good water is a great inconvenience to the citizens, there being few wells in the city. Most of the people are supplied every day with fresh water, conveyed to their doors in casks, from a pump near the head of Queen street." * * * "The entries from foreign ports only into this port in 1795 were 941."

Philadelphia "was laid out by William Penn in 1683," and was so rapidly settled "by a constant and regular influx of foreigners, that in less than a century, and within the lifetime of the first person born within it of European parents, it was computed to contain 6,000 houses and 40,000 inhabitants' in the city and suburbs. The ground plot of the city is an oblong square about one mile North and South, and two East and West, lying in the narrowest part of the isthmus between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers." * * * * "The buildings now occupy a space not exceeding three miles in length from North to South, and in the most extended part do not reach a mile from the Delaware." Philadelphia at present as in 1797 enjoys the distinction of having the largest number of churches of any city in the country, the number having increased from 27 to 550 with the growth of the city from 55,000 inhabitants to 850,000.

Boston is said to be "the largest town in New England, and the third in size and rank in the United States." * * * * "The number of inhabitants in 1790 was 18,038, but the increase has been very considerable since." "Here are nineteen edifices for public worship, of which nine are for Congregationalists, three for Episcopalians, two for Baptists" etc. * * * "Seven Free Schools are supported at the public expense. The number of scholars is computed at about 900, of which 160 are taught Latin, etc. There are besides these many private schools." In 1795 there were 725 entries of vessels from foreign ports. "The principal manufactures consist of rum, loaf-sugar, beer, sail-cloth, cordage, wool and cotton cards, playing cards, pot and pearl ashes, paper hangings, hats, plate glass, tobacco, and chocolate." "Attempts have been made to change the government of the town from its present form to that of a city; but this measure, not according with the democratic spirit of the people, has as yet failed. At an annual meeting in March, nine Selectmen are chosen for the government of the town; at the same time are chosen a Town Clerk, a Treasurer, twelve Overseers of the Poor, twenty-four Firewards, twelve Clerks of the Market, twelve Scavengers, twelve Constables, besides a number of other officers." The town received "its present name in token of respect to the Rev. Mr. Cotton, a minister of Boston in England, and afterwards minister of the first church here. Boston was greatly damaged by an earthquake in October 29, 1727, and since that time has suffered severely by numerous fires, the houses being mostly built of wood."

On looking for a description of Brooklyn, now an immense city of 550,000 people, we are astonished to find that at the beginning of the century it was an insignificant country town, giving no promise of becoming an important place. Its description occupies but a few lines and is as follows:—"Brooklyn, a township in Kings County, New York, on the West end of Long Island, having 1,603 inhabitants; of these 405 are slaves; and 224 are electors by the State census of 1796. Here are a Presbyterian church, a Dutch Reformed church, a powder magazine, and some elegant houses which lie chiefly on one street. East River, near a mile broad, separates the town from New York." Brooklyn has grown from this unimportant town to be the third city in the country; its two churches have multiplied into hundreds, until it has gained the name of the "City of Churches."

Providence, R. I., has increased in the ninety years from 6,380 to over 100,000 inhabitants. These extracts, comparisons, and notes might be further extended, but this article is already sufficiently long.

Windham, N. H., March, 1882.

A NEGRO LOVE-SONG.

Track in de paff whar rabbit bin play'n',
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
Han' me down my walkin'-cane,
(Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)
Big nigger tote de little gal load,
(Go down de road—go down de road!)
Kaze too big a turn make nigger leg bowed,
(My Lily! my Lily! go down de road!)

Han' me down my walkin'-cane,
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
De boys all sing en keep on say'n:
(Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)
Nigger will drink fum 'n'er nigger's go'd,*
(Go down de road—go down de road!)
En' some folks git wat dey aint never growed,
(My Lily! my Lily! go down de road!)

One man lose w'at 'n'er man gain,
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
You sit yo' shawl en han' my cane,
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
—*Century.* "*Bric-a-Brac.*"

*Gourd.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S ORATORY.

Wherein lay the charm of Lord Beaconsfield's speeches? For that they had a charm of a very peculiar kind, says the *London Spectator*, is unquestionable. The fascination was quite different from that exercised by mere eloquence, even of the highest kind —Mr. Gladstone's, for example. The main object of eloquence is to persuade, and the greatest triumphs of the parliamentary orator is to influence the votes of his audience. Mr. Gladstone is one of the very few orators who can boast of this distinction. On at least three different occasions a speech of his has influenced the division—his speech on Mr. Disraeli's budget in 1852, his speech on the China war in 1857, and his speech at the close of the debate on his own Irish university bill in 1873. It is probable, on the other hand, that no speech from Lord Beaconsfield ever changed the destination of a vote; certainly, his oratory has never been credited with any such achievement. Yet there have been few speakers of modern times who have possessed in the same degree the art of charming an audience. Much of the charm was doubtless due to the singular personality of the man. He was an eminently interesting character. Think of him how you willed, he engaged your attention. The late Dean Stanley, in his funeral sermon upon him, called him—we may be sure in no unkindly spirit—"a romantic adventurer." There was something of the knight-errant in this child of an alien and outcast race entering the lists in political warfare, and tilting at once, and sometimes victoriously, against some of the foremost champions in the field. And this detachment characterized his position in English politics and society to the very last. He never quite identified himself, and hardly affected to do so, even with the party which he led so long. He never shared its prejudices or passions, and its point of view on the questions of the day was seldom his.

HENRIETTA SONTAG.

Sontag's voice was an absolute soprano, of full but not of extraordinary compass or remarkable power. Its peculiar beauty lay in its quality, that angelic tone which, as we have seen, it had even in her childhood, and in its union of flexibility with firmness. She rivaled the most skillful violin-players in the rapidity, the exactness, and the solidity of tone with which she executed fioriture, and trills singly and in succession, and even staccato scales of two octaves. But she never sank into an accurate musical machine. There was always the inexplicable enchantment of quality, the angelic tone, in whatever she sang and her style, although never grand, impressive or deeply pathetic, was always charming. In person, she was like her voice, not grandly beautiful, but very pretty, bewitching in her ways, and always elegant—probably the most lady-like prima-donna that ever trod the stage; unless we must except that captivating emb